The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

15¢

KEEP IT UP!

PLEDGE YOURSELF TO BUY
U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
REGULARLY

RY NOW,
WAIT?
d What
Stars Say

KERCISE
FOR
CTORY!
n Bennett
s You How



Joan Fontaine

CONSTANT NYMPH" starring JOAN FONTAINE, CHARLES BOYER
clusive Screen Story of Greatest Romantic Drama of the Year!
HAS MADELEINE CARROLL QUIT the SCREEN for LOVE?


OUT OF THE BOOK . . .
ON TO THE SCREEN!
Flaming into your hearts
with all its dramatic fervor—
The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!
Tyrone POWER · Joan FONTAINE
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
THIS ABOVE ALL
by ERIC KNIGHT
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
with
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Stephenson
Nigel Bruce · Gladys Cooper · Philip Merivale
Sara Allgood
Alexander Knox
Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
20th CENTURY FOX

Even though the Night is Magic

it takes <u>two</u> to make Romance



Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's careless has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

SPEED—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

CERTAINTY—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it *prevents* odor all day or all evening.

SAFETY—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin. Mum won't harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That's why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

QUICK, CONVENIENT MUM KEEPS YOU BATH-FRESH FOR HOURS







MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.



Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".



"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.



The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.



Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".



"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.



"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.



"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your Miniver Man—

—*Leo*



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

★★★★★



★★★★★

September, 1942

Vol. XLV, No. 5

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Cover Portrait of JOAN FONTAINE, starring in "The Constant Nymph," Warner Bros.

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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He's Never Beaten
A YANK AT ETON
Mickey Rooney's
All-Time Topper!
MICKEY
ROONEY
IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT
"A YANK AT ETON"
WITH
EDMUND GWENN
IAN HUNTER
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
MARTA LINDEN · JUANITA QUIGLEY · ALAN MOWBRAY
Screen Play by George Oppenheimer, Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps
Original Story by George Oppenheimer
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by
JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
An M-G-M Picture



IT'S a new and happy experience when you begin using Tampax for monthly sanitary protection . . . The whole process becomes simple, because Tampax is *worn internally* and calls for no complicated harness of belts, pins and pads. The insertion is simple. Disposal is simple. And so is the act of changing. Tampax is so compact that a month's supply will slide easily into your purse.

Wear slacks or swim suits or snug evening gowns; Tampax will not and *cannot* show a line or bulge. And *you* cannot even feel it while wearing it! As no odor can form, a sanitary deodorant is not required. Tampax was perfected by a doctor and comes in dainty one-time-use applicator—modern, scientific and *simple.*

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. (The new *Super* Tampax is about 50% *extra* absorbent!) Ask drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy Package gives real bargain of average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD



Man-of-the-month Bing Crosby, above, in a scene from "The Road to Morocco," with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour; right, in a bucolic moment from Irving Berlin's "Holiday Inn." Pictured at bottom is lovely Frances Gifford, who is playing in "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and who hopes the film, a romantic comedy, will do as much for her as the song of that title did in catapulting Mary Martin to stardom.

HOLLYWOOD is wondering about Dorothy Lamour and Randy Scott. They see each other often, but seldom where the public can stare. Randy has movie commitments until January of next year. Then he hopes his country will find a place to use him. Dotty is already making plans for another of her fabulous bond-selling tours. *If* it's love, Dotty's the kind of gal who'd wait. And well worth waiting for, too!

HOW'D you like to have Bing Crosby for your daddy? Recently he set up a fifty-thousand-dollar trust fund for each of his four sons. Even a sugar daddy would only be half as sweet!





IF MYRNA LOY isn't a fatalist, sh should be from now on. As everyon knows, Myrna tried desperately to mak a go of her marriage with Arthur Horn blow, Jr. After separating, she even re turned to him and tried it again. To cele brate, Arthur arranged for an elaborat dinner party. An invited guest was Joh D. Hertz, Jr., wealthy advertising man. A the head of the table, Arthur was bus whipping up one of those famous salad he loves to mix. Myrna sat talking to John Months later Myrna separated from Horn blow again. A Nevada divorce in thre minutes' time found Myrna bound for New York vacation. She returned to Holly wood as Mrs. John D. Hertz, Jr. Holly wood is hoping the "perfect wife" will thi time find perfect happiness.

THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story..

BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE THEIR LOVES!



To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it *lived!* See it the moment it opens in your city!

BARBARA

STANWYCK

as FIONA...She couldn't live down her reputation—so she lived up to it!

GEORGE BRENT

as CHARLES...Tricked into a marriage he couldn't forget!

GERALDINE

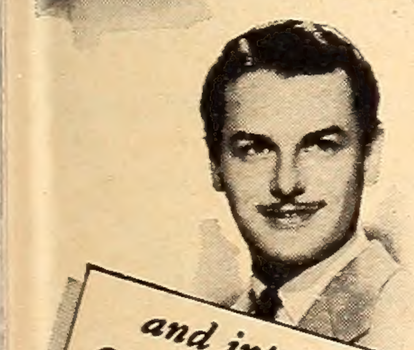
FITZGERALD

as EVELYN, who lived as she pleased 'til a kiss changed everything!

with

DONALD CRISP · NANCY COLEMAN · GENE LOCKHART

Larry Simms • Donald Woods • Directed by IRVING RAPPER



and introducing

GIG YOUNG

who had everything except the woman he wanted.

The Story of the Startling Loves of

"The Gay Sisters"



WARNER BROS.

have turned another great novel into another great screen event!

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • Based Upon the Novel by Stephen Longstreet • Music by Max Steiner • **REMEMBER YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

LEARN WHY "Soaping" HAIR IS OLD-FASHIONED



New-type Ingredient in Halo Shampoo Scientifically Glorifies Hair

TODAY the smartest girls are no longer "soaping" their hair. From beauty experts they have learned how to glorify it, reveal all its thrilling natural beauty with modern Halo Shampoo.

You see, all soap or soap shampoos, even the finest, leave a dulling soap-film . . . film that makes hair look drab and dull. But Halo contains no soap, therefore *cannot* leave soap film! Halo's creamy cleansing lather comes from a new-type ingredient—a patented ingredient that means exciting new beauty for your hair.

Even in the hardest water, Halo rinses away completely. No need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo removes loose dandruff, too. Leaves your hair easy to set or curl, lovelier to look at than you dreamed possible.

Get Halo Shampoo at any toilet goods counter. 10¢ and larger sizes.

A product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

A SMASH HIT!

Movie Show

The sensational NEW screen magazine

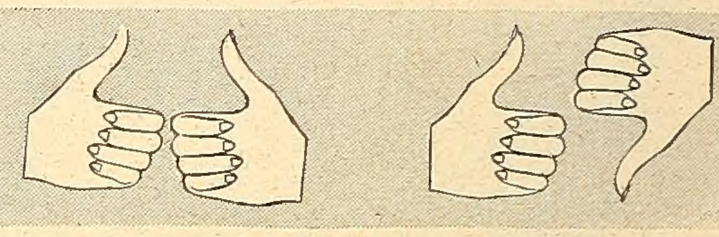
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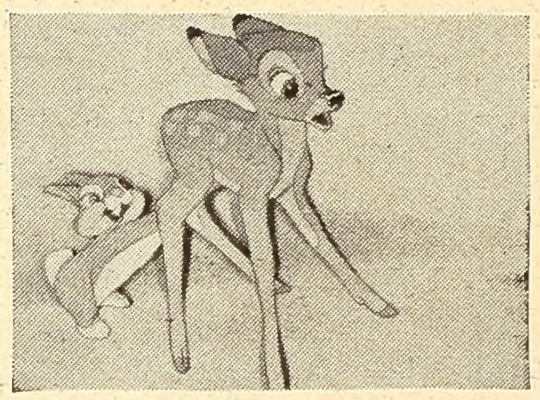
SCREENLAND



Your GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY Delight Evans





BAMBI—Disney-RKO

Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi the deer, Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful, full-length picture from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest. No humans are allowed to intrude upon the beauty, pathos, and humor of this record of Bambi and his family and friends, though human voices, well chosen, speak the dialogue. Thumper the Rabbit will soon be as popular as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.



MRS. MINIVER—M-G-M

To every man, woman, and child living in this world at war, here is a masterful message of courage, a fundamental lesson in fortitude—contained in a superb and absorbing motion picture. Jan Struther's charming little book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been transformed into important cinema directed by William Wyler, with Greer Garson rising to heights in a poignant performance, splendidly assisted by Walter Pidgeon as her husband and a perfect cast.



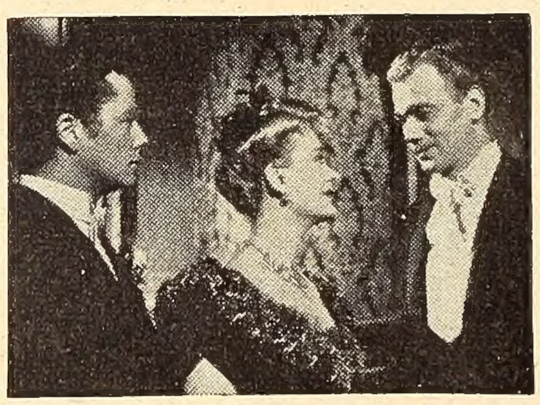
HOLIDAY INN—Paramount

Swell escape from the doldrums, this Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is just what you need in the way of entertainment tonic. It is a grand show with a fresh idea, gay new tunes by Irving Berlin and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby has never been so whimsical and amusing as in this rôle of a leisurely and well-meaning crooner who converts his farmhouse into an inn open only on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds both croons and dances charmingly.



EAGLE SQUADRON—Wanger-Universal

Dedicated to those gallant men who have helped make recent history, with a prologue by Quentin Reynolds which includes stirring closeups of some of the real aces, here is timely drama which will hold your interest in spite of disjointed plot and ineffective characterizations. Actual scenes of aerial combat are exciting and impressive. Diana Barrymore in her screen début is no glamor girl but displays poise and a good voice. Robert Stack, John Loder, Jon Hall, Leif Erikson help.



THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—RKO

Orson Welles has done it again! Proving that his first picture, "Citizen Kane," was no happy accident, the "boy wonder" has produced another masterpiece, admitting that his selection of story and insistence on atmosphere are not everybody's movie dish. From Booth Tarkington's novel about the disintegrating family whose spoiled young heir wrecks his lovely mother's romance Welles has fashioned a fascinating film. Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello and Tim Holt score

Turn to page 14 for More Reviews

Private life OF THE MAN MILLIONS CHEERED!



Here's the intimate story of a man millions idolized. He fought his way to the top—and then he met Her! Together they reveled in life and love. But there was one secret they tried to keep from each other—and out of their struggle comes one of the screen's most dramatic and touching romances. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you some of the finest films you've ever seen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

GARY COOPER

in

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

with

TERESA WRIGHT · BABE RUTH · WALTER BRENNAN

VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Original Story by Paul Gallico • Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

It's the Great American Story!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Screenland Honor Page

Most touching motion picture treating of our war-torn world thus far, "Mrs. Miniver" eloquently records the courage with which a British family, particularly the wife and mother, greets and meets each new day of crisis. Scenes from film shown below feature Greer Garson in title rôle, Walter Pidgeon as her husband, Henry Travers, newcomer Richard Ney and others of a splendid cast.

To a great motion picture, "Mrs. Miniver," and to its star, Greer Garson, who becomes First Lady of the screen for her inspiring performance of a gallant woman in war-time





Now Guess Her Age!



New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age. For she was the innocent victim of an *flattering* face powder! It was a cruel wder, both in texture and in shade—wing up every tiny line in her face—enting every little blemish and skin-fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The *TWIN-HURRICANE* method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*



w more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, (79)
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
In Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



A DAB A DAY

KEEPS P.O.* AWAY

New cream positively stops
**underarm Perspiration Odor*
as proved in amazing

HOT CLIMATE TEST

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.

Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

SONG & POEM WRITERS!

Have you a song, poem or just a lyric? WE SUPPLY THE MELODY and make recordings of your original songs. Send yours to

CINEMA SONG COMPANY
P. O. Box No. 2828. Dept. CI. Hollywood, California

FREE! *a trial bottle of famous* **AMBROSIA**



Facial Astringent. Send us the back label from a bottle of Ambrosia, the famous liquid facial cleanser. We'll send a generous bottle of Ambrosia Astringent (formerly Tightener), the refreshing way to stimulate the skin. HINZE AMBROSIA, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C. Dept. 46.



Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

During the three-year period before I enlisted in the Naval Reserve, in January of this year, I saw an average of fifteen feature movies each week, which means I saw every good picture released during that period and nearly all of the others ranging from fair to mediocre to worthless.

Because I consider the movies a top-ranking form of entertainment, I never could criticize pictures as severely as the critics. I have seen enough pictures to know good acting, good plotting, good photography and other elements which go to make a picture what it is. However, there must be some good in every picture—all of them can't be aimed at a select group of intellectuals who are set up as critics.

On the whole, I think the moving picture industry has done a magnificent job through the years. The present trend to follow original novels when making them into movies is indeed a step forward, though I remember plenty of best-sellers that were vastly improved when replotted by the master writers and technicians of Hollywood.

A pet peeve of mine is the inaccuracies that sometimes come up in the best of pictures. I recall a South Sea Island picture in which one of the main characters was hungry. He picked up a cocoanut and by tapping it a couple of times on his shoe was able to rip the tough outer husk from the cocoanut with apparent ease. I saw the picture in a South Florida movie house and the audience roared with laughter, and that scene was funnier than any other attempt at humor in the picture. People familiar with cocoanuts know the movie hero tackled a tough job and did it too, too easily.

Such errors bother me. I hate to see wise movie producers make the mistake of hurting an otherwise good picture with such inaccuracies.

FOY EVANS, Yeoman 2c, Miami, Florida.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

The glorifier of pigtails—that's Hedy Lamarr in "Tortilla Flat." Pigtails and Hedy are an entrancing, delightful combination. She wore cotton dresses, befitting her rôle as a worker in a fish cannery. Her face was shiny, in need of make-up, yet she looked charming, she having a rare, fresh, radiant beauty that even drab clothes cannot dim. I hope other stars would also dress more in keeping with their rôles.



GET INTO *THIS* SCRAP!

Get into the scrap to help beat t Japs. One way of doing it is to gi Uncle Sam your scrap metal, rubbe etc., and another is to buy War Sa ings Bonds. SCREENLAND is ready help you get into it by offering W Savings Stamps as prizes for the be letters published. So get into this goo natured movie fans' scrap and tell t other readers what's wrong or rig (your opinion) with the movies. Wri your letter *now!* First prize, $10.0 second prize, $5.00; and five prizes $1.00 each, payable in War Savin Stamps. Closing date, 25th of mont

Please address your letters SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 45 We 45th St., New York, N. Y.

I was surprised to see that *Blondie* "Blondie's Blessed Event," though posed to be a housewife, sported frilly dresses instead of cotton ones. Imagine average American housewife, with children and a husband to cook and house for, going around dressed lik model at a fashion show! And high h toe!

We see the movie gals going to awakening in the morning without a of hair out of place, make-up fresh on t faces. What would happen to their c plexions if the feminine movie audie followed the stars' examples and ret without first removing make-up? The m gals would have to sacrifice glamor b would be a refreshing change, occasion seeing them without make-up, tum hair, cold-creaming their faces, gettin run or two in their hosiery, and w portraying a housewife, wearing low cuban-heeled shoes, thereby making movie seem more realistic.

ELIZABETH PIGNATELLI, Providence,

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

rking with hundreds of officers, on cadets and enlisted men on morale ems, I have come to the conclusion he motion picture industry is doing a kable job in supplying ammunition nose in our armed forces, to blast at oes and cares of a nation at war.
ly, this is a serious business, yet Army itself recognizes the necessity spare-time recreation. And judging the efforts of morale departments in shing first-run films at post theaters, n pictures play an important part in chedule.
you could see a post theater, jammed men in uniforms who are seated on wooden benches, you would soon the "infection" of better morale, bet- eeling and better living which they hrough such a medium of entertain- With better films coming out of wood's grinding wheels and machin- the industry is doing its share—and —in keeping men in uniform happy.
ur magazine, avidly read in all sections e country—and especially in the bar- , hospitals and day rooms of the vari- camps—is also rendering a distinct e to a nation at war. Keep it up!

Corp. I. R. C., Shaw Field, S. C.

---

wn the street waltz I, dragging my ite boy friend behind me. What's my ? Why, I'm on my way to a movie, urse, a movie starring my favorite Johnny plunks down the remainder is week's allowance, and we ease our into aisle seats, halfway down. An goes by—no orchestra. Finally, we glimpse of the boys doing their stuff, alf-hidden by three potted plants and oble jaw of the hero. Then perhaps, e're lucky, the handsome singer starts ting the vocals of a new and torchy Just as I am beginning to be carried by his song—FADEOUT and the is taken up by the sultry but screechy or gal of the show.
tell me this: Why do the studios r to obtain a name band only to it in the dim distance and let the gue cover up its music? The Corn lers would serve the same purpose and great deal less money.
hat I mean to say is—when I go to Tommy or Jimmy Dorsey, I wanta see So please, Mr. Movie Man, give the s a chance.

AN FRANKENBERRY, Chicago, Ill.

Open Letter to M-G-M:
hee-ee-ee! Dust off the exclamations unleash the superlatives. It's happened n! We've found the best answer for ale-building that we hope to have. In he "dood it"—but good!! *Please* don't im out of our sight.
he isn't the most engaging mixture of sh charm, bubbling wit, and vitality, then "I get a whippin'" for myself. thought he was great as a romantic in "Ship Ahoy," (although it was laced with comedy) and I'm sure he is y for bigger and better material now. please, M-G-M, keep that nice man king busily from now on—not only for and Mrs. Red Skelton's sake, but for happiness and entertainment of discrim- ng movie-goers. H'm-m-m?
S. And aren't those dimples of his *cute* little rascals?

HEA HAYE, Somerset Centre, Mass.

(*Please turn to page* 68)

CARY GRANT • JEAN ARTHUR
AND
RONALD COLMAN

... in a picture made for laughs ... thrills ... cheers! It will be the talk of YOUR town!

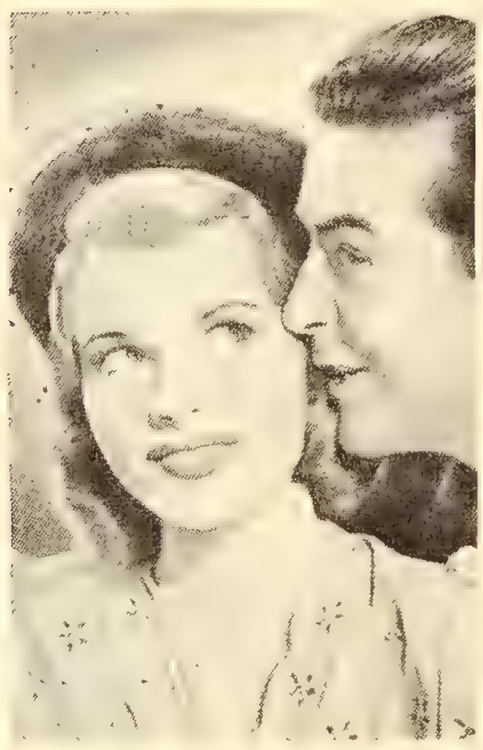


ARE
The Talk of the Town

A GEORGE STEVENS
PRODUCTION
with EDGAR BUCHANAN · GLENDA FARRELL · TOM TYLER
Screen play by IRWIN SHAW and SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

"WHAT COULD BE NICER?



... There's nothing like a man around the house during those long winter nights," sighs Liz Cugat (*Betty Field*). "After all, whom else could we girls marry?"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

A Paramount Picture starring

RAY MILLAND • BETTY FIELD

with

Patricia Morison • Eugene Pallette

Phillip Terry • Leif Erickson • Richard Haydn

Charles Dingle • Cecil Kellaway

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



LADY IN A JAM—Universal

Here's a real gloom-chaser. Its many chuckles, v here and there a good hearty laugh, and not-too-c plot, make this an ideal film for these troubled ti As the wacky heiress who squanders a fortune, I Dunne again proves what a fine comedienne she Good, also, is Patric Knowles, as the psychiat who takes her to Arizona to cure her. There she wo an old mine and strikes valuable mercury ore. Ra Bellamy's satire of a corny western "he-man," g



TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century-

A stirring film about West Point's early days the fight to preserve the Military Academy during post-Revolutionary War period. George Montgom and John Sutton are the story's leading cadets, M reen O'Hara, the girl, and Laird Cregar, a ha hearted officer who tries to break the cadets' spi The Academy's traditions, interwoven with hu romance, and thrills make it an exciting melodra Stars and supporting cast at their best. Don't mis



THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER—Columbia

There's no limit to the kidding dished out to Gestapo in this satire on the Nazis, and it's nice joke's on them, but the spoofing is so overdone, it only be classed as slapstick comedy. Franchot T plays an RAF flyer stranded in occupied Holland poses as a Dutch girl's (Joan Bennett) mentally ranged husband to evade capture. Things begi happen when a Nazi officer is quartered in her ho Allyn Joslyn, remarkably good in rôle of the N



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners

An exciting, thrilling spy drama. Humphrey Bo does a fine piece of acting as the Army captain w dismissed from service by courtmartial so he work for the Army secret service. On a Jap freig Bogart meets Mary Astor and falls for her. He pects Sidney Greenstreet of being a spy, gives data on the Panama Canal's defense to gain his fidence, but heroically foils the enemy's plans. Sc where Mary and Bogey get sea-sick are very fu



TAKE A LETTER, DARLING—Paramount

A gay, fast-paced comedy romance which reve the order of male boss-attractive girl secretary, Rosalind Russell playing a high-powered adverti executive who hires a handsome male secretary, F MacMurray, for strictly business reasons. Can help it if she falls in love with him? Both are g Sparkling dialogue and clever situations make it tertaining. Bob Benchley, Constance Moore and M Donald Carey make up the fine supporting



FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U. A.

This comedy-drama about the effects of the World War on two German-born Americans (Cha Winninger and Charlie Ruggles) who argue and f over the question of loyalty to their adopted cou Winninger sees things Ruggles' way—the Amer way—after he's tricked into financing a sabotage It's about an outdated era, but still entertaining. two Charlies are splendid. Action, limited—it's a versation piece. James Craig and Nancy Kelly are



BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount

Dorothy Lamour again wears a sarong (ah th boys) in her new starring jungle-thriller. And w the boys moon over Dot, the gals can oh and ah the screen's new handsome hero, Richard Denn who is a combination Stirling Hayden-*Tarzan* t This fantastic tale about a jungle waif who trie prove her inheritance right is escapist hokum. T are exciting scenes with a mad elephant, comedy nished by an ape, and some highly romantic sequer

Turn to page 60 for "Recent Films Reviewed in a Flash"

Keep 'em pretty

Let Dura-Gloss have the job! While your hands are busy with war-work and extra tasks of all kinds, let Dura-Gloss keep your nails bright and shining. It'll stay right on the job—no polish wears longer (there's a special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss to make it *stay on*). So keep your nails pretty—protect them. You'll find lovely colors of Dura-Gloss nail polish at 10¢ counters, each at the pleasant price of 10¢. Get 'em today!

**The special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resin.*

AMERICA ON GUARD

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3 new colors – Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry

10¢ PLUS TAX

So little means so much



By Betty Boone

Nancy, starlet of "The Gay Sisters" and "Desperate Journey," is proud of her peppermint-sticks goalpost centerpiece, and cake in football shape, below.

Fun for the Fall season! Nancy Coleman gives you new ideas, and good recipes, for a gay football luncheon





THE minute a hostess thinks of a luncheon or buffet supper, the word "salad" leaps at her like a leopard, according to Nancy Coleman, Warner's white hope, whose performance in "Desperate Journey" is expected to make new friends for her.

"In California, salad is first course at dinner and luncheon," said Nancy, thoughtfully, "something I never heard of before, but I like it. At home, salad came on with the meat courses or directly afterward, and salad dishes seemed to clutter the table throughout the meal. This way, they are cleared off the table at once.

"I've discovered a new vegetable salad that can be served at dinner, supper, or luncheon. It's delicious with crispy crackers or cheese thins at dinner. You can make an attractive luncheon plate of it with cold sliced chicken, celery curls, olives, potato strings and spiced prunes, if the day is warm. Or if there's a tang in the air, you can use it to follow any kind of hot soup or accompany such things as hot chicken patties. Here it is."



VEGETABLE SALAD
(Serves 6)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 tablespoons mild vinegar
¾ cup carrots, grated fine or shredded
2 tablespoons chopped parsley or raw spinach
1 cup hot water
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons onion juice (extracted by grating onion)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add gar, lemon juice, onion juice. Cool. V mixture begins to thicken add remai ingredients. Turn into mold that has rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, mold. Decorate with raw carrot and g pepper. Serve with salad dressing.

September, to Nancy, usually means opening of the football season, and or her popular ways of entertaining younger group is to give a football lu eon before going on to the game, or a ball buffet supper to follow the game's citement.

Sometimes when her own Washin State team is playing, or a guest's *mater* is battling it out on some grid Nancy's party listens in at the radio, i ing for the team they love with horns rattlers and fairly deafening her Hi Valley neighbors. The Colemans' v ranch house nestles under wide-sprea walnut trees on a curving boulevar what was once a walnut grove.

Whatever way you do it, a football p is fun. Those good healthy appe brought by high-school and college boys and girls think nothing of dow Mrs. Coleman's own specialty, hot salad and hot biscuit, and they've known to demand Maple Spanish Cr after this succulent dish, get it, and nc carried out later! The Coleman's, of co seldom agree to combine these two di

"I've never tasted hot crab salad where else," Nancy asserted. "Perhap isn't Mother's own invention, but always taken it for granted that it is. uses either fresh or canned crab, fla blanched almonds, cracker crumbs, soning, and a good white sauce. amounts depend on how many you serving, or how big your casserole. P put a layer of crab, then a layer of blan almonds, chopped, then cracker crumbs cover with the sauce. Then go on buil your layers until you fill the dish, and i in a hot oven.

"Maple Spanish Cream is a suga dessert that we're serving for the dura instead of Mother's famous coffee so The coffee soufflé takes too much su but both of them separate into layers, dark jelly layer beneath, then the cre one, and the light fluffy one on top. sometimes mold them in a square or ob cake tin and serve them in slices."

MAPLE SPANISH CREAM
(Serves 6)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatin
2½ cups milk
⅔ cup maple syrup
3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)

Pour milk in top of double boiler soften gelatine in it. Place over hot wa add Vermont Maid Syrup and stir u dissolved. Pour slowly on yolks of e slightly beaten with the salt; return double boiler and cook until thicke somewhat, stirring constantly. Rem from stove, add flavoring and fold lightly the whites of the eggs, beaten u stiff. Turn into one large or indivi molds that have been rinsed in cold wa and place in refrigerator. (This separate and form a jelly on the bot with custard on top—if you do not wish separation in two layers, allow custard cool somewhat before adding the st beaten egg whites.) When firm, unmold serve with whipped cream, sliced oran or any fruit or fruit juice.

ion soup holds a high place in Nancy's , especially cream of onion soup as in the Coleman household.
not vegetable dish worthy of a place y football luncheon table is green r stuffed with green corn. An apple cake, made without sugar, and served range parfait is something the young s highly recommends.



CREAM OF ONION SOUP

12 small onions in thin slices. There l be 1½ cups. Fry 2 minutes in ⅓ f butter. Place cover on kettle and let simmer until soft but not brown. kle with 2½ tablespoons flour and 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 3 of milk and cook in the double boiler ur. Rub through a sieve. Beat 2 egg slightly, add ½ cup milk and strain oup just before serving. Season with nd pepper and reheat.

PEPPERS STUFFED WITH FRESH GREEN CORN

a thick slice from the stem end of pepper, remove seeds and parboil s 15 minutes in boiling salted water ich is added ⅛ teaspoon soda. Drain, th corn mixture, arrange on serving sprinkle tops with paprika, and garwith parsley.

n Mixture: Remove husks and silky s from 1 dozen ears of green corn. ngthwise of cob through each row of s and scrape with a knife to remove there should be 2½ cups. Put pulp in t pan, add ½ cup milk, and cook , 25 minutes, stirring frequently. If l on a gas range, gas flame should ned low and covered with an asbestos Season with butter, salt and pepper.



Above, Nancy Coleman looks over the decorations for her party. Judging by the assortment of pennants, she has no pet team. Nancy rates cheers herself for originality displayed in decorating her table, below.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

¾ cup honey
⅓ cup shortening (Crisco)
1 egg
1 cup thick applesauce (unsweetened)
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon cloves (Burnett's)
½ teaspoon nutmeg (Burnett's)
½ teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett's)
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup seeded raisins
½ cup nuts

Thoroughly cream honey and Crisco, add egg, beat well; add apple sauce alternately with sifted dry ingredients which have been mixed with raisins and nuts.

Bake 1 hour in moderate oven (350 degrees).

(This is the cake in the illustrations

(*Please turn to page 84*)



It's a
BIG PICTURE

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW IN RHYTHMIC ROMANCE!

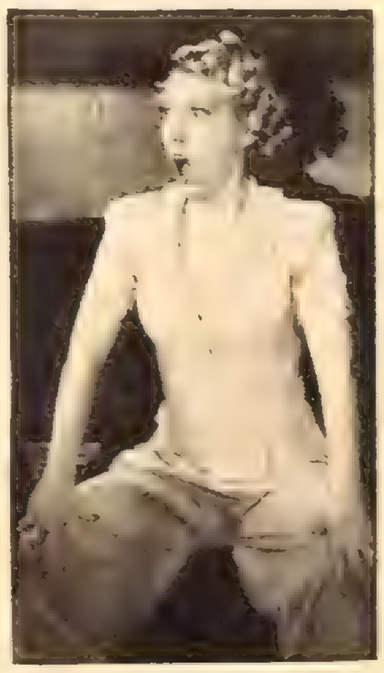




Dashing Dennis O'Keefe and fascinating Jane Frazee will thrill you in this love story, delightfully sprinkled with sparkling melodies by Mort Greene and Harry Revel.

-and uproarious comedy!





Eddie Foy, Jr., and hilarious newcomer Betty Kean indulge in a lot of light-hearted tomfoolery!

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE

with

DENNIS O'KEEFE • JANE FRAZEE
BETTY KEAN • EDDIE FOY, JR.
Erno Verebes • Franklin Pangborn

Buy War Stamps and Bonds — all you can!

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



She blamed it on BAD LUCK . . . *but others weren't so kind!*

LUCY looked at the morning paper with disgust—another one of her "possibilities" married to somebody else! It was the same old story: every man she met took her out once or twice, then did the disappearing act: A phone call saying "he was working nights now", or "going to be out-of-town for several weeks", or "away on a vacation".

Superstitious soul that she was, Lucy put this down to bad luck and took her diminishing dates "catch as catch can". Anyone who knew her, however, could have told her that luck had nothing to do with their indifference.

* * *

A woman may be pretty and charming but if she has halitosis (bad breath) she may end up as a neglected Nellie—without even suspecting why. Bad breath doesn't always announce its presence to the victim. And once guilty of this offense you may be under suspicion always. The news gets around quickly, and there's the risk that people will avoid you.

How's Your Breath?

Isn't it just common sense to let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath—to make it sweeter, purer, less likely to offend? This delightful mouth wash is the standby of so many really fastidious, attractive people.

Before every date simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. How cooling, how refreshing it is! How delightfully clean it makes your mouth feel! What a of assurance it gives you as its antis action begins!

You undoubtedly know that som thorities consider bacterial fermentati tiny food particles on mouth surfaces a major cause of bad breath althoug trouble may sometimes be of syst origin. Listerine Antiseptic quickly such fermentation and then overcome odors that it causes. When you want at your best, never, *never* omit List Antiseptic. Use it before every date.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis,*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTI

For Oral Hygiene

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to WALT DISNEY



"Bambi," the new Disney, is the best yet! Below, Walt at work. Drawings depict Bambi the deer, star of new film, Thumper the rabbit, and their forest friends.







DEAR WALT:

I'm telling the world it's about time we celeted a Walt Disney Day. We've been having nty of other days and weeks too in aid and bute to fine causes and efforts, and they're all nderful. Now I suggest we set aside a day to do bute to you whether you like it or not. You're nodest guy, Walt, for a genius. But I want to tell what I think. When the record of this war rt is finally written, some smart future historian recognize the important hand a Hollywood toon-maker had in winning the game. But we uld wait so long to cheer you! Right now, not y the U. S. but all the civilized world should rt appreciating Disney and his works, from the t Mickey Mouse to the latest and greatest of m all, "Bambi." That beautiful picture, which e just seen, is what brought on this special surge gratitude. At first, you know, we laughed at ckey and Donald Duck, applauded "Snow hite" and "Fantasia," enjoyed "Dumbo" and rest—and let it go at that. Sure, we said, those sneys are always swell, usually better than the ture picture; and of course, that Treasury Dertment short helped a lot to put us in the cheerful frame of mind to face those taxes. But there is more to it than that. Through Mickey and Donald you make us laugh, and with "Bambi" you give us great art; but there's also the work you are doing for Uncle Sam direct. Though not turning out tanks and planes, guns and bullets like other big factories, your Hollywood studio has nevertheless undergone a change-over second to none in American industry, turning out training films for the Army, Navy, Air Corps—in fact, 80 percent of your current film output consists of government projects, on which you make no profit, right? So the miracle is not only that "Bambi," your last full-length cartoon for the duration, is the loveliest thing you have ever done, but that every "short" you make, whether morale-builder or educational, has some of the same priceless quality of unlimited imagination. Yep, a country that can produce a Disney who can produce a Mickey Mouse and a Donald Duck and a "Bambi" has something to fight and win for.

Delight Evans

WHETHER fact or fiction, the Victor Mature-Rita Hayworth romance is keeping Hollywood on its toes, as curious and speculative as a tabby cat twitching its tail on Minnie Mouse's doorstep, trying to keep up with the two of them both publicly and privately!

Rita, since winning her divorce, which Eddie Judson first bitterly threatened to contest, is even shyer than before. She doesn't even mention her romance with Vic—let alone confide that it might be the great love of her life. There are those knowing Rita who firmly believe that this is the first time she has ever been in love. And there are those who disagree that it is love at all!

Nothing intrigues Victor more than this luscious Hollywood game of "now you see us and now you don't!" The main thing is that Hollywood and the world is Mature-conscious! If a dull day goes by without a story on Mature, Victor does something about it immediately. But he refuses to mention or discuss Rita. Gallantly he says, "Ask Martha," when you mention the estranged Mrs. Mature. For both he displays a deep respect. Having so newly zoomed to stardom Victor realizes the value of keeping his name both seen and heard until it becomes as firmly established as Gable's, Taylor's, and Power's.

What really goes on, however, to add to the daily startling confusion of contradictory rumors regarding this reckless broad-shouldered six-feet-three of male impetuosity and La Hayworth, is not always Victor's doing. For example: "Mature is dating Rita Hayworth Entre Nous." Then such a conflicting headline as: "The Matures Are Reconciled." To these add: "Mature is Drafted," "The Matures are Divorcing," "Mature To Take Over Gable's Picture At Metro," "Mature Suspended—Washed Up in Hollywood!" Headlines which must be equally disconcerting to Rita.

The shortest route between two points is a strai line. The quickest way to differentiate between tr and poetry in the Mature-Hayworth rumors sensati alizing Hollywood, is to ask Vic himself. Illusive R in the aftermath throes of her divorce just isn't talki So getting down to facts at last, here it all is:

Victor returned my call when I was not at home. A Victor Mature let himself in for the surprise of his li

"Please say that Mr. Mature called," he said in t low, caressing voice, over the wire.

"Mr. Who?" Mother inquired naïvely.

"Mr. Mature," he repeated.

"How do you spell the name?" Mother asked qu innocently.

You can imagine how perturbed Mr. Mature might (With his name on every billboard in "Footlight Se nade" and "My Gal Sal" surely his name was kno if not quite, as yet, a household word.)

"Mr. Victor Mature," he enlightened. "Surely y know who I am?"

"No," responded Mother politely. (Mother is visiti Hollywood from Utah. She'd never heard of Vic Mature.)

Victor Mature was very unhappy! His day was ruin Here was actually a member of the feminine set w hadn't heard of him. He is not unaware of the adulati of stock girls and starlets who become electrified at t sound of his voice, are agog at the mention of the na Mature.

To make matters worse, Mother felt perhaps she h misunderstood the pronunciation of his name. "I thoug you said Mature—did you say Victor Lamour like t movie actress Dorothy Lamour?" she asked hopeful

"No," said Victor sadly. "You are sure you have ne heard of me—Mature—just (*Please turn to page 70*

s It A REAL omance With ictor Mature and ita Hayworth?



ollywood gossip grape-
ne twines around the
earts of these two.
/hat's it all about?
ead the answer here

By May Mann

lle of Hollywood Hayworth, left
low and top right in "My Gal
l," is besieged on all sides.
es she really prefer Mature?

Exercise fo

Factory worker or housewife, nurses' aid or movie actress—all women must guard their health and energy and stamina for the war effort. Let Joan Bennett, most active of all film stars, show you how she keeps fit

Joan Bennett swears by the exercises in Elizabeth Arden's courses in physical fitness which Miss Arden has graciously offered free to members of the A.W.V.S. You may have the benefit of these exercises, illustrated and described for you here.



1. *Tuck-In Position:* Lie flat on back. Bend elbows and relax arms on mat. Bend knees, keeping feet on mat and close to hips. Lift pelvic girdle forward slightly off mat, pull abdomen in and up, and press small of back flat on mat. This exercise is basic in that it establishes correct pelvic tilt and abdominal control for all other body movements.

2. *Double arm and leg touch:* Lie flat on back with tuck-in position, one leg extended, and both arms extended over head. While maintaining abdominal muscles in position, raise extended leg with toes pointed, at same time raise arms to meet extended foot, lifting head and shoulders from the floor. Return to position. Repeat several times with each leg. This exercise is especially valuable for development of abdominal control.

3. *Side lying position:* This picture illustrates correct side lying position with tuck-in and abdominal control, under knee bent and upper arm stretched over head. It is the starting position for No. 4.

4. *Leg and arm touch:* Starting with above position, and maintaining abdominal control kick leg, with outward rotation and straight knee and touch with stretched arm. Contributes to development of strength of upper leg muscles.

5. *Shoulder stand position:* This picture illustrates correct shoulder stand position which must be maintained with abdominal control. Starting from a lying position and lifting the hips into this shoulder stand is valuable in developing strength in the back and shoulder muscles. The idea in this movement is to get as high as possible with absolute control. In this way it becomes a study in body balance.

6. *Floor touching with downward leg stretching:* Starting with above position touch floor over head with both legs.
   a. Bring both knees to chest then stretch both legs over head and touch floor. Reach as far over head as possible. Bring knees back to chest and stretch legs upward.
   b. Lower straight legs to floor and reach as far over head as possible. Extend legs up to position.

   This exercise is of value for back limbering, and strengthening, for abdominal control, and development of control in upper leg muscles.

THE glamorous stars of the Victory Cara van were nearing the end of their tou And they were wilting on their stem They had done one night stands for tw weeks, all the way from Massachusetts t Texas. They had followed horse show (much too closely for comfort) in big barn of theaters in the Middle West, and in on town a chicken show had moved in on the before their final curtain. They had parade rain or shine, they had sold War Bonds an Stamps, they had made speeches and pe sonal appearances, and signed autograph until their fingers were paralysed. Wit practically no sleep, no rest, and lots of i digestion, they were dead on their feet- and looked it. And now the heat of Texa was piling in on them, just to make the discomfort complete. After a strenuous, an moist, afternoon of bond selling the Glamo ous Ones, their hair flattened out by th heat, their clothes sticking to them, an great beads of perspiration standing out o their foreheads, dragged themselves wearil into the dining car of their special train fo a glass of iced tea before the evening sho

7. and 8. *Flexion and extension of whole torso with easy leg swingin*
   Start resting on both hands and knees, with tuck-in position.
   No. 7. Keeping weight over one knee swing free leg forwa meeting head obtaining full roundness in back. (flexio
   No. 8. Shows extension of torso with leg swung back and up wi head extended upward and with correct lower back contr the tuck.

   Exercise tends to develop flexibility in the whole body, with use upper leg muscles. Also very good for development of abdomin control.

Victory

By Elizabeth Wilson

t they saw made them shudder a bit. an Bennett, pretty as a picture, and as a lettuce leaf, was diving, with zest gusto, into a huge hunk of steak, sur-ded by peas and potatoes and cornbread apple pie a la mode.

ine thing!" sighed Olivia de Havilland. rest of us look like tired old hags, and looks as if she just dropped in from unior League."

he nerve of her," growled Joan Blon-"as fresh as a daisy, if you please. And k like a disappointed zombie, in person, circles down to here."

Vhy, Joan Bennett," gasped Merle on in disgust, as she dropped into the est chair and mopped sweat from the ic Oberon brow, "really, you have the titution of a truck horse."

erle Oberon (now Lady Korda, curtsy se) hit the nail right on its well-known . The modern woman, with all the many gs she is called upon to do in war time, t indeed have "the constitution of a k horse." Else she might as well admit a dud, and (*Please turn to page 62*)















15. *Leg Lifts:* Start in perfect standing position with tuck under, and arms extended to sides with down pull in shoulder blades. Alternately lift one knee to chest then the other. In doing the exercise the torso must be kept erect at all times. The idea is to lift the knee as high as possible. Exercise is good for upper leg muscles and abdominal muscles. It also develops a feeling for body balance.

14. *Heel Beats:* This study is begun from a half-sitting position, with plenty of bend in knees, tuck under, arms extended forward but with down pull in shoulder blades to avoid hunching of shoulders; start with heels off floor. Place the heels on the floor and quickly lift them without altering body position. Repeat several times with quick "down-up" movements. This exercise is for strengthening of arches, and also to develop flexibility in the foot.

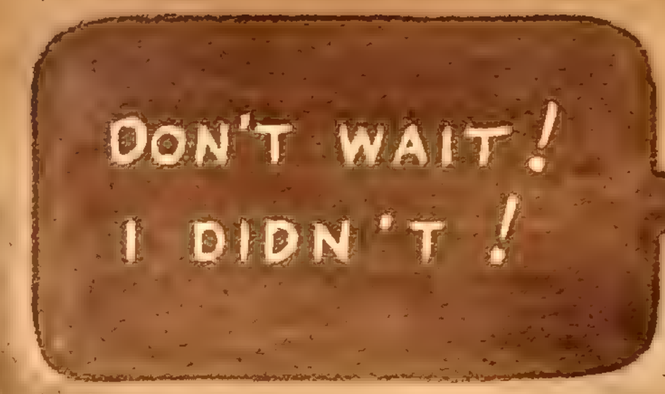
d 10. *Wall Climb:* Start lying on back at right angles to a wall, with hips touching wall and knees bent over chest.
p. 9. Shows wall climb in progress. Subject walks up the wall to shoulder stand position.
. 10. From shoulder stand position legs are rotated from hips out and back to normal position three times.
To return to floor slowly slide down on back one vertebra at a time, relax knees over chest.
This exercise is very relaxing, relieves vital organs of pressure and allows blood to get to face for increased circulation. Develops flexibility and strength in back.

13. *Airplane:* Start in upright broad standing position, arms extended out to sides. Twist at waist and reach over touching opposite hand to opposite foot, lift to upright position by contraction of buttock musles. Good for waist-line.
a. First the movements can be taken with easy knees—a slight bend in the knees.
b. After several practices then the knees may be kept straight.
c. Next step, grasp the ankles and place the head on knees.

11. and 12. *Sit, stretch, sit:*
No. 11. The starting position, sitting on hip with abdominal control, arms extended.
No. 12. Shows Miss Bennett in the middle of the exercise, ready to sit on her left hip. Beginning with starting position (No. 11) rise up on both knees at the same time swing the arms down and around over head and continue them around back to left. This movement is taken with a strong hip lead with abdominal control as the arms make a complete circle around. This is excellent for thigh muscles, and flexibility in waist and hip muscles.

MARRY NOW..













"ME? I'M going to grab first girl I find when I back home because mo them will be married by then." vate First Class Ed Witte from Ord speaks up.

"I'd take the chance, you can on that." Nancy Coleman.

"A boy and a girl should psychologically free, so don't m until after the war." Alexis S arguing.

"If the worst happens to your you'll blame yourself the rest of life for waiting." Carole Landis speaking.

"A baby would complicate ev thing even more, so I say wait." from Anne Baxter.

Such are a few of the answe got to the question: Should a bo the armed forces or about to e them marry his girl now or wait the war is over? With the war g ing momentum day by day and t ing lives and relationships a SCREENLAND decided to see wh could do to help answer this ques a question that must be puzz many young people today. To our opinions, some of Hollywo famous stars were consulted. An were the men who are fighting war. Somewhere, in their ideas,





....OR WAIT?

By Jack Holland





d how these younger Hollywood stars an- today's most burning question! Ruth Hus- above, is waiting, tells you why. Laraine opposite, didn't wait, married. Other ng lovelies who are themselves confronting vital question, and who are frankly quoted ur exclusive feature, include, on this page: Rutherford, Anne Baxter, Alexis Smith, ny Simms. On facing page: Jinx Falkenburg, ole Landis, Jane Frazee, Janet Blair.

y find the answer to your own blem. Let's hope so.

was out 20th Century-Fox way I walked on the set of "Orchestra fe." There sat glamorous Carole ndis—and the public's idea of the eet young thing, *Andy Hardy's* eetheart, Ann Rutherford.

Carole can always be depended on for advice that pulls no punches. vice that never qualifies but simply tes firmly. I picked on her because is such an individualist, a girl who es to say what she thinks.

"Most definitely, I advise a boy l a girl to marry now," she an- ered me. "If you wait, it might be late. And anyway, what's to be ned by waiting? It certainly seems me that half a loaf is better than ne at all."

"Yes, Carole," I remarked, "but at if the—well, the worst happens? en where are you?"

"That's my whole point. If a girl is rried to her man and the worst es happen to him, at least she won't ve to blame herself for never having d her happiness. Is there anything rse than regrets? What happiness there possibly be for a girl who ll always wonder about the man she ght have married and didn't? In the ck of her mind, for the rest of her e, she is bound to feel that some- ng great (*Please turn to page 64*)



Out of a strange love which blended ecstasy and pain came great music—and in that music their love would live always!

Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer play their most poignant rôles in Warner Bros.' picturization of the famous novel and play

ARLES
OYER

YMPH

Complete cast and credits on Page 29. Photographs by Bert Six, Warner Bros.





Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

NOTHING must spoil this day, nothing, nothing at all, Tessa thought, her breath coming in that quick, eager way, her small thin hand pressing ainst her heart. The pain was there again but it would away as it always had. She mustn't think of it now th Lewis coming.

There were always guests coming to the Swiss moun- inside where the Sangers lived, but none was special e Lewis Dodd. Almost as if they were pilgrims they me, these musicians, most of them so successful and cure, coming to pay homage to Albert Sanger, the an who had become a legend while he still lived, a bulous legend even to those who did not understand s music but who could lift their eyebrows and smile his eccentricities, his loves and his four wives and ose strange children of his. Only Kate, the oldest, rn of his first marriage, staid, practical Kate could ve fitted into the outside world. The other three, Toni, e beautiful one, as temperamental and unpredictable the Italian opera singer who had become Sanger's cond wife, and Paula and Tessa, daughters of that in- nse young Englishwoman, Evelyn Churchill, who had ven up the ease of the life she knew and her family and iends to become the third wife of the strange musician ready well past his middle years, had grown up as sually as the young wild things in the mountains ound them.

Then there was Lina, the Russian ballerina and anger's last plunge into romance; Lina, bitter and sillusioned whom all of them, most of all Sanger him- lf, had come to detest for her shrewish tongue and r tempers and the graces and airs she affected as she ailed through the house in the tawdry dressing gowns e always wore, her once beautiful hair spilling down r back in an unkempt mass. But it was Roberto, the an who had attached himself to the Sangers back mewhere in the past, Roberto the gentle and soft- oken, who bargained and cajoled and begged to get od for them from the village tradesmen who had long ven up even the hope of being paid, who seemed e one permanent thing in their changing world. anger's wives had come and gone but Roberto had een there always, mothering them and scolding and orking for them.



Sanger's circus, they called the family, those who underst and those who didn't alike and Lewis Dodd, the young Bel composer, fitted into the charmed circle as though he belon in it. And he did belong, most of all to Tessa who loved with all the anguished adoration of the adolescent years soon would be leaving.

She was still such a child to love like that, so completely so possessively. But then Tessa's age couldn't be counte years. She wasn't of the earth at all; Tessa, with her slen child's body and the untaught wisdom of the ages in her gr gray eyes and the passion of those who never reckoned the in her generous mouth. She lived in a secret world of her o Tessa, as far away from reality as if she were indeed nymph she looked.

Sanger looked up as she came into his studio, a great, ti mountain of a man, drooping over his piano as if not o music but life were about to leave him. And on the tal jumbled together with all the music scores and letters a glasses and empty brandy bottles, was the clipping of reviews of Lewis' last symphony which had just been play in London, the symphony the critics had hailed as a brilli bit of technique, marred by the rude intrusion of its unco fortable dissonance.

"Is Lewis really a good musician?" Tessa asked as brought over the brandy she had managed to salvage out one of the bottles.

Sanger smiled as she gave it to him. There was alwa tenderness in his smile for Tessa, his best beloved.

"Good technique," Sanger nodded. "Lewis is like t weather. One day it's thunder. (*Please turn to page 8*

Charles Boyer plays the composer, *Lewis Dodd*. "His music has no heart. If he could only fall in love!"





age couldn't be
d in years. She
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the ages in her
eyes and the
of those who
eckoned the cost
generous mouth.



Joan Fontaine as *Tessa*, who loved *Lewis* with all the anguished adoration of the adolescent years she soon would be leaving. She was such a child to love like that!







Warner Bros. presents

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

Produced by Henry Blanke. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Screen play by Kathryn Scola. From the novel by Margaret Kennedy and the play by Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean. With the following cast:

Lewis Dodd.....Charles Boyer
Tessa Sanger.....Joan Fontaine
Toni Sanger.....Brenda Marshall
Florence Churchill.....Alexis Smith
Charles Churchill.....Charles Coburn
Lady Longborough.....Dame May Whitty
Kate Sanger.....Jean Muir
Fritz Bercovy.....Peter Lorre
Albert Sanger.....Montagu Love
Roberto.....Edward Ciannelli
Paula Sanger.....Joyce Reynolds



"I'M THE SPECTACULAR SPRITE!"
(Marjorie Reynolds)

"I'M THE TINY TYPHOON!"
(Phyllis Ruth)

WE ARE THE

By Dugal O'Liam

"I'VE got five cocker pups, fourteen rabbits, and two Siamese cats," said the Bounding Brunette.

"Gosh, I only got one dog and two ulcers," gloomed the Blonde Blitz.

"I've got a new recap," chirped the Tiny Typhoon.

"I've got to go home and get my husband's dinner," announced the Spectacular Sprite.

"I've got . . ." Monsieur Gene Bosquet cut the Bounding Brunette off wearily. If he hadn't, this might have gone on indefinitely and Marjorie Reynolds' husband might never have gotten his rations, Betty Hutton might have missed a fitting (fitting, not fit, although she's always about two jumps ahead of the latter) and the world may have remained darkly confused about Paramount's hilarious Screwball Set.

The Screwball Set consists of, from the sublime to the ridiculous, or reading from left to right, as you will, Marjorie Reynolds, who is a pinkish blonde; Phyllis Ruth, who is a golden blonde; Dona Drake, who is, always has been and who intends to go right on being a bounding brunette, and Betty Hutton, a plenty pretty platinum blonde with hyperthyroid ants in her pantomimes.

Lucky author, below, surrounded by Betty, Marjorie, Dona, and P





"I'M THE BLONDE BLITZ!"
(Betty Hutton)

"I'M THE BOUNDING BRUNETTE!"
(Dona Drake)

SCREWBALL SET!

latinum blonde with hyperthyroid ants in her pantomimes. Monsieur Bosquet, who looks after their collective xploitation, identifies them as the Spectacular Sprite Marjorie), the Tiny Typhoon (Phyllis), the Bound-g Brunette (Dona) and the Blonde Blitz (Betty). hey are, in the same order, five feet four and a half; ur feet, ten; five feet, and five feet three and a half. eyond this, none of them will hold still long enough or one to find out much. You have to get the rest on e fly, with a Norden bombsight, provided it's working ell and the visibility's good.

Why the Screwball Set? If the foregoing patter hasn't een enough to tell you, brace yourself in a door frame nd read on. The Spectacular Sprite has knitted four airs of BURGUNDY colored socks for a soldier be-use he's in the Signal Corps where they use colors; the ounding Brunette wants to own a house with a gym-asium instead of a living room and a frigidaire built to the bedroom; the Tiny Typhoon's idea of a great ay is to ride rolly-coasters (that's what she said, OLLY-coasters) for eight hours consecutively; and the Blonde Blitz wants liability insurance on her tonsils in case one explodes sometime and maims an innocent by-stander.

Conversation piece among the Screwball Set:

Blonde Blitz (to the Spectacular Sprite): "Who are you married to?"

S.S.: "Jack Reynolds."

Tiny Typhoon: "What do you know? Their names are the same!"

Bounding Brunette: "Heck, *my* name used to be the same as my dad's, but it's not any more."

Give up? Okay, you asked for it. The Bounding Brunette had the floor and all the air directly above it. She wanted to talk about her five cocker pups. She had their pictures, too, and they were all blondes. The mother, also. Their names add up to quite a piece of nomenclature. The first one she picked up she named Bob, for Bob Hope (he had a funny nose, she says). The second was named Bing for Crosby (he had a touch of distemper). The third became Butler (because he looked like Arthur Treacher). The fourth was (*Please turn to page 82*)



LIFE

Imagine having laughs for breakfast! Hollywood's happiest wife tells for the first time what it's really like being married to a screen comedian







Andy Devine, films' most popular rotund comedian, featured in Universal Pictures' "Men of Texas" and "Between Us Girls," has ideal home life on his ranch with his lovely wife and two fine young sons. These exclusive photographs picture the happy family at ease and, above, at work in their garden. Top right, facing page, the 1912 Ford Andy bought Mrs. Devine.

HERE are two schools of thought, apparently, about being married to a comic. Some people on meeting me, exclaim, "My DEAR! It must be *wonderful* being married to a comedian. Imagine having laughs for breakfast!" Then, there are the others who smile pityingly as they shake their heads and murmur, "I don't see HOW you stand it. It must be awful when you have an off day, having someone flipping wisecracks at you or, when you're entertaining, have your husband snatch a chair from under you to start the party off with a laugh."

My marital experience has been limited. I've only been married once so I can't tell you what it's like being married to a comedian. I can only tell you what it's like being married to Andy. It's swell!

When I come home from meeting a member of either of the aforementioned schools I try to figure out which is right but, despite all the analyzing I've done, I can't see where my married life is any different than anyone

WITH ANDY

DOROTHY **DEVINE**









e's—except that perhaps I'm happier than most men.

've been in homes where the husband comes in, rs his hair and starts screaming: "Are you zy? Why did you get a new dress? Where do u think we'll end? In the poorhouse—that's ere!" If it isn't bills it's something else that's rrying the poor dear.

Well, Andy never worries about anything. What- r worrying is done around our joint, I do. Once a while when I get tired of stewing I'll turn on dy, a little waspishly, perhaps, and say, "For the e of pete! Won't you ever grow up and assume a responsibilities? I get tired of doing all the rrying. Nothing ever bothers *you!*"

He'll look at me guiltily and say, "You're right, eetheart. I guess I've been pretty selfish. I'll tell u what: I'm going into the den and close the or so you won't see (*Please turn to page 58*)



Has Madeleine Carroll Quit the Screen for LOV



MARRIED LOVERS! MR. AND MRS. STIRLING HAYDEN

By James Reid

MADELEINE CARROLL has quit pictures and left Hollywood—"until further notice." Perhaps forever!

She hasn't made a public announcement of this fact, because she is naturally secretive. And Paramount hasn't made an announcement, because the studio is naturally embarrassed. She is the second star within a year who has deliberately given up a prosperous Paramount career. There is a quiet inkling of this in the latest Paramount contract list. Her name is no longer included in the roster of players tied up with long-term tickets. She is listed among those holding "special contracts." That is a tip-off that the studio has only a limited call on her future services, subject to future arrangements.

But few people know that she has instructed her agent that she doesn't want to do any more movie-acting anywhere "for at least a year"—if ever.

As soon as this news becomes generally known, it will be greeted with disbelief, especially in Hollywood. It doesn't make sense that a career girl like Madeleine would give up her career—even for twelve months—at this particular point. (*Please turn to page 78*)



The Legend of Lamarr!

She must be a dream. Her beauty can't be true. Yet—here she is; and you can also see her on the screen in "Crossroads"

M-G-M photo

ENHANCING HEDY'S ALLURE— her New Costumes





Below, study in black and white. Lamarr in shimmering black velvet, with beaded collar. Left, two-toned loveliness: dress in light raspberry top, deeper toned skirt. Far left, for leisure moments, periwinkle blue velvet negligée with gold leaf embroidery. Facing page, beauty in repose, in dainty, flesh-colored negligée in soufflé.



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DEDICATED TO THE HEROES!



he epic of Wake
sland has been
ommemorated in
powerful motion
icture, a factual
ilm with the
Jnited States
Marine Corps'
tamp of approval

nlevy, here,
h Robert
and Mac-
Carey on
age, plays
al rôle in
unt's big
"Wake Is-
hich deals
y yet dra-
with the
d men who
bravely so
might live.

NOW YOU'LL MEET HER

Howard Hughes' contr
sial movie, "The Out
is about to be released
so, after introductory
licity second in sensat
ism to none in screen hi
lovely Jane Russell w
long last greet her al
admiring, impatient p

NOW HE IS AN ACTOR!

You know John Carroll as a romantic singer in such lavish musicals as "Rio Rita"—but you will see him in a new guise as a dramatic actor in Republic's important film, "The Flying Tigers," which also features John Wayne and boasts blonde Anna Lee as heroine.





Veronica, above, with clever young designer Edith He
checks costume sketches for her latest film, "The G
Key." Ordinary twine from which Miss Lake's hat
handbag are made is non-rationed. At left, cleverly
skirt of her chartreuse crepe evening gown is within
144-inch sweep allowed by order L-85. Below, Miss La
black gabardine dressmaker suit has straight skirt with
pleats, a collarless and cuffless 25-inch jacket, and instead
a whole blouse, a small beige colored and initialed dick



UNCLE SAM SAYS "OKAY"

nica Lake, assisted by designer Head, proves that the new es may have glamor a-plenty

d by Edith Head for Veronica Lake to wear in ied A Witch," the nightgown at right would once en made of silk crepe, but the studio is now dis- the fine quality of cotton manufactured in the so white cotton serves admirably to fashion the which touches the floor on wee Veronica but con- nly the allowed yardage and would reach just to les of a girl 5'2". Below, in "The Glass Key" Miss ears this three-piece suit. The straight skirt with at in front is well within the 28 inches in length inches in sweep allowed for wool garments. Col- topcoat is a separate item and is half-lined in Pockets on jacket and coat have one-inch banding.





Frank Powolny, 20th Century-Fox

Attracti

If Hollywood rumors are right, She
Ryan is John Payne's current heart
terest. What a movie team they'd ma

ew Team?

John Payne is the white hope of his studio, having scored in "Remember The Day," "To The Shores of Tripoli," "Footlight Serenade," and now in "Iceland" with Sonja Henie. Next he will be in "Springtime in the Rockies"



In her latest picture, "Lady In A Jam," Miss Irene Dunne has a gay and rollicking rôle, directed by Gregory LaCava, with Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy opposite her.



Sweetheart of the fans of the flashing blades, Sonja Henie resumes her screen career after a long and phenomenal tour as star of "Iceland" with John Payne.

Pozcolny, 20th Century-Fox





JUST A

"JUNGLE SIREN"

Ann Corio, familiar figure to certain American audiences, may find her admirers flocking to see her on the screen in "Jungle Siren," with Buster Crabbe (top right) as her leading man

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Noted photographer Hurrell's camera art glorifies Margie Hart, who is exploring new entertainment fields in her first movie, "Lure of the Islands"

Photo by M-G-M made on location for film which stars Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From "Jackass Mail"

When you've read this outspoken interview with "the menace to American womanhood," you'll either feel sorry for Mrs. George Sanders or—



By Liza

George Sanders has a rôle he loves to play in "The Moon and Sixpence"—that of a selfish, domineering, lustful artist who "ain't no gentleman." Some of his detractors say no wonder Sanders plays him so superbly! At left, in character for the part; below, with Doris Dudley as his wife in the picture.



The *Strangely* Fascinating MR. SANDERS

THE great Sanders marriage mystery has been solved! At long last. For years Hollywood's favorite indoor sport has been speculating on whether or not George, hat menace to American womanhood, is married. umors, believe me, ran rife. George could have said Yes" so very easily, and we palpitating girls could have n home and cried in our knitting, but he preferred to ull a Paulette Goddard. At some time or other, every n writer, every columnist, every reporter in town has ked him, "Are you married, Mr. Sanders?" And Mr. anders has invariably answered, with or without fancy immings, "It is none of your damn business." (This uestion was always postponed until the end of the terview so the writer could make a hasty exit if necesry.)

True to his tradition the strangely fascinating Mr. anders still hasn't admitted that he is married. But his ife has. And that's quite sufficient. It happened like his. In Hollywood's best-read column there appeared one morning recently a little item which said that George Sanders had been seen at the Mocambo the night before with Mona Maris. The very next day Mrs. Sanders called the columnist, and with a few well-chosen words put an abrupt end to Hollywood's most intriguing mystery. She was the former Elsie Poole, she said, known as Susan Larson, and she had married George Sanders October 27, 1940, at the Methodist Church in Hollywood. (Right under our noses, if he'd been a snake he'd have bit us, and we didn't know it!) Mrs. Sanders called herself a "broad-minded wife."

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I couldn't wait to hop over to the studio and get Mr. Sanders' views on women, now that it's settled that he's a husband. That should make his views even more interesting than ever.

If you are a writer, and a female, and haven't been insulted by George Sanders you are completely out of things professionally. I can (*Please turn to page* 57)

HOLLYWOC

More actors in uniform, more starle working for Uncle Sam. Not for publici but for patriotism, the formerly "par pered" movie stars are in there pitchi

They're in the Army now: Jeffrey Lynn, at Tommy Dorsey when band leader appeare Monmouth, N. J., and William Holden, in tures below. Latest on Holden: from Signal Air Corps as flying cadet. Lower left, Lan visits Boeing Aircraft Company plant, ch Rita Case and Carroll Gates in sheet m assembly shop, after she had addressed the to stimulate sale of War Savings Bonds and













HELPS!

A Bond Today! Betty Grable licks ap for books she helped to sell, a bemused baby whose mother st purchased a stamp book from the ar (below). At opening of the first Roof Garden, called the "Sky e," operated by the Jewish Welfare for Service Men of all nations at 65th St., New York City, Jeanne y and Martha Scott served as official ses (lower right). The "Victory ow" of I. Magnin and Co., Los es, had such guest stars as Jane l, bottom of this page, and Jane rs, facing page. Did you know a ar Bond will purchase one "depth ," potent weapon against deadly submarines? Another reason to buy, and keep buying Bonds.











"PLEASE WRITE A LETTER

Jeanne knows what to say and how to say it, in spite of that Mona Lisa smile. Below: sweet meditation.

Jeanne Cagney expresse youthful, forthright viewpoint our attitudes and actions tow our gallant men in Serv

By

Courtenay Marvin

JEANNE CAGNEY is young, charming, intelligent and looks the ideal college girl type. Her hair is a pretty brown, her eyes a changeable hazel, her skin warm and peach-tinted. Her eyes and dimples dominate her face. She is, I gathered, not romantically attached to any special one, but she knows a great deal about men! For she is the only sister of four brothers: James, with whom most of us are well acquainted via the screen; Edward and Harry, who are doctors, and William, producer of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." You simply can't grow up with four brothers like that and not know a lot about men. Besides, the Cagneys constitute a family that sticks together. Each is vitally interested in the other. I was having a late breakfast with Jeanne on her recent trip to New York and I hadn't been there long when she said, "If the phone rings, it will be Jimmy." The phone did ring and it *was* Jimmy, and sister and brother had their customary daily talk. "We always keep in close to with each other," explained Jeanne. "When we were three working in 'Yankee Doodle Dandy,' we just ne got to bed, because when the day's shooting was o each had to call the other and go over the whole da work. We criticised, we complimented, and each proba helped the other. We're just that kind of family!"

If you have seen "Yankee Doodle Dandy," or if are going to see it, you will find there is a striking cha teristic resemblance between the Cohan family and Cagney family. And it is that of intense family affecti cooperation and loyalty.

Jeanne is a Hunter College graduate and spent m of her youth in Jackson Heights, a suburb of New Y City. However, she still found it inspiring and excitin view the vast city from the heights of her suite in the E Towers. She is an excellent conversationalist, so we w

from pictures and appearance to the war. Somehow, we centered on that because true, practical patriotism seems a real part of everyone I meet from Hollywood. Perhaps that is because the stars have so very much to contribute these days, their entertainment on the screen, more welcome than ever, as well as their entertainment and efforts for the men in service.

Jeanne knows plenty of men in uniform, and her viewpoint on what we have to contribute in a purely personal way, even upon casual meetings, seems timely.

Even if you, also, wear a uniform by day, try to find opportunity to change into your more feminine clothes when you have a date with a male uniform, advises Jeanne. It's a refreshing change of scenery for your escort. Jeanne thinks that soft, frilly, though not fancy, frocks make a welcome impression. She is dubious about your wearing too formal things for evening unless you know the background of your escort. It may throw him, she thinks, to find you looking too dressed up when a soldier's pay does not permit his taking you to the smartest night club. Already, Jeanne knows that men adore having the girls they like wear blue. Alas, she is more a brown type.

Keep your make-up gay and young. Use a really red lipstick, eye make-up, if you need it, and powder that permits you to look natural. It is necessary to look pretty above all things, if you can, but a too sophisticated make-up is slightly frightening. It may give your escort an inferiority complex, and he will go silent and moody on you, when what he wants and needs is a lighthearted, happy, laughter-filled evening. It is through little things like this that morale is maintained—at home and abroad.

Jeanne finds that in casual encounters, such as the USO entertainments, etc., a girl must always take the initiative in conversation. She thinks it is awkward to endeavor to start talk by asking a boy about his service life. In the first place, he probably can't tell you the dramatic, exciting facts because of military restrictions; in the second place, he is out for what he hopes is a good time and his routine life should be put aside for a few brief hours. "If you can find out where a man comes from, then a girl is always safe in talking about his part of the country, if she knows anything about it at all. Everyone away from home loves to hear what is going on there or to reminisce about something there. This is fun for both. I think it is very important to keep our worries and problems out of such conversations. We ought to assume the rôle of entertainers and good ones whenever we can." In those words, you sense the good, male influence of Jeanne's brothers. Men will listen to the problems of any girl they like and then dispose of them. They do not like to rehash them, and this is a good tip for any girl who has any man deep in her affections. Wives, please underscore!

Jeanne also tells me that few of the boys she meets are the last word as dancers—though they are pretty good as a whole. Therefore, until you have danced with a boy, she thinks it is kind not to ask him if he can rumba or samba or do anything extra-special. If he can't, then he may become self-conscious and not want to ask you onto the floor for a good old one-step brought up to date. If he can do specials, you'll find out soon enough.

Also, when the man in uniform asks what you would like to do for an evening, think twice. Think twice, especially if he doesn't know you well. Here you face a limited pleasure budget, and though he may be willing to spend the month's pay on you, maybe it just won't be worth it to him, unless he finds you a super-duper girl. The movies or the dancing place where there is no cover charge or something of that kind

(Please turn to page 68)

Yours for Loveliness

All hands on the job these days! And handsful of grooming aids, sure, swift and timely, every one!

NEVER in our history have hands played so vital a rôle in defense. The "pale hands we loved" of yesterday, today proudly bear the marks of motor grease, of industry soil, of labors in the home, the office, and of the earth. Overnight, Lava Soap has leaped into the class of timely beauty aids, for the good gray Lava bar is a sure, swift cleanser for hard-to-remove soil, and in spite of its hearty, slightly rough touch, is as gentle to skin as a face cream. Keep work hands dainty, lovely and immaculate with Lava Soap. Good for child hands, too.

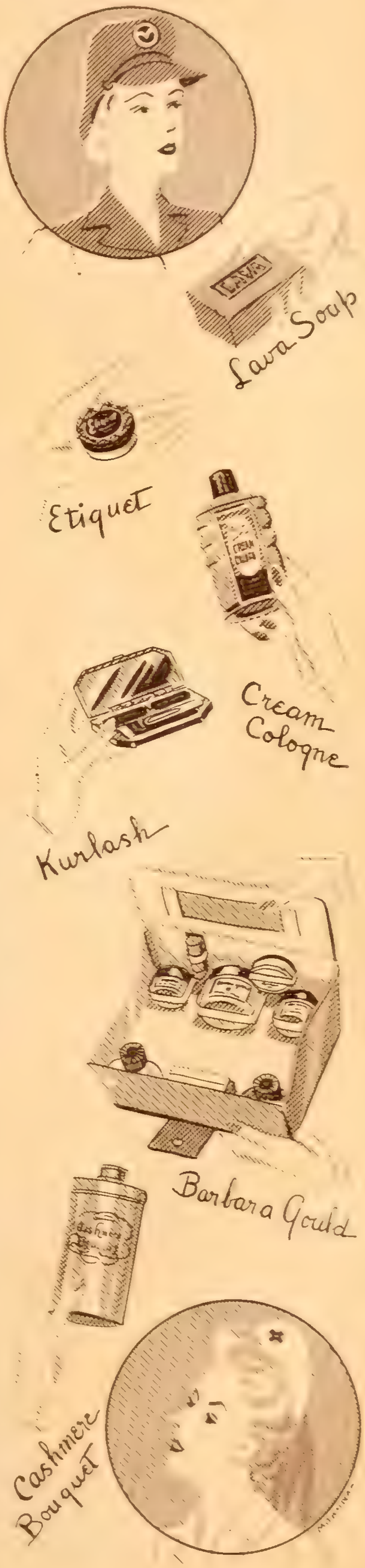
LITERALLY, by the sweat of our brows and bodies are we doing our part today. So—Etiquet Deodorant Cream makes its bow when most needed. It's new, of the antiseptic type and all your heart could desire. It stops both perspiration and odor from one to three days, is dainty and fragrant, so gentle, it may be used daily, and you dab on, dress, dash! Tests have proved its super-effectiveness, and it comes in a 10¢ and a 39¢ size at toilet counters. A boon to your social charm and to your clothing.

"NECESSITY is the mother of invention"—especially in these days. Out of necessity to conserve alcohol for national purposes has come a truly lovely new development—cream cologne. A creamy, lotion-light base is substituted largely for the former alcohol base. Twin Sisters Cream Cologne, in either honey suckle or apple blossom fragrance, is a welcome aid for body sweetness and comfort. All the benefits of a cologne, plus the soothing creaminess of the new base. In the chain stores.

THE Lashtint Double Compact, by Kurlash, is a treasure, because in the neatest of metal cases, you find two tones of mascara, not one. This answers the need for two separate purchases, because some girls use brown mascara by day and black by night, or many follow that excellent Hollywood eye make-up idea of using a touch of brown mascara to accent brows, and dramatize the lashes with black. This is very effective make-up. Brush and dampening sponge are contained in this compact.

THIS good-looking Barbara Gould "Back to School" kit is so smart and complete that it might go anywhere. It's roomy, too, to carry little extras, and contains eight preparations—cleansing cream, night cream, skin freshener, hand lotion, foundation, face powder, rouge and lipstick—in fact, all you need and more. It comes in a soft kid finish leather fabric in red or brown or a black crocodile grain, and is excellent value for the modest $5 cost. Whenever in doubt, a kit is a perfect gift suggestion.

CASHMERE Bouquet talcum powder still reigns supreme in its own particular sphere. It is the softest of soft powders and the fragrance is individual and romantic. Its use following the bath makes this little chore a luxurious experience, and clothes will slide on over a sweet, smooth, soothed skin. I really think it can speed up your dressing, especially with the girdle act! A good friend for work hours, social hours, a real smoothie! Courtenay Marvin.




Hedy Lamarr

The Strangely Fascinating Mr. Sanders

Continued from page 51

nember when we pad-and-pencil girls around the free and festive board at ventieth Century-Fox, unlimited sugar d coffee in those days, and compared tes on the charming compliments paid by those young gallants, Tyrone Power, bert Taylor, and Errol Flynn. But now different.

'That horrible George Sanders!" one who dabbles in the intimate interview d at lunch the other day. "The minute sat down beside him—did he offer me hair? he did not—he went right off into sound sleep. He even snored. Right in face. 'A good sleep?' I asked sartically when he came to an hour later. es,' he said, without the slightest emrassment. 'While I was asleep I figured something. Everyone is worried these ys about their tires, and what's going happen when their tires wear out. I ured out a solution for myself. I'm ing to buy an invalid's electric chair! e government will not refuse tires for h a chair, the battery can be easily harged, and I can ride in great comfort d dignity.' I simply glared at him. He's elfish, horrible, unpatriotic man."

"Horrible is an understatement," said other of my carbon-stained ilk. "When went to interview him he told me quite nkly that he thought woman's place s over the washtub, and *not* the typeiter. They had coffee and doughnuts on set that day, and you won't believe but that horrid man grabbed the last ughnut on the dish right from under my nd. And he didn't even offer to share it h me. I've never seen such rudeness."

'I don't know why I ever did it, and e been kicking myself ever since," conuted another member of the profession, t when I bumped into him on the lot morning after the preview of 'Man nt' I couldn't help but tell him that I ught he was simply wonderful in the ture. Do you know what he said? He d, 'Naturally,' and almost knocked me wn on his way to the water-cooler."

'How you girls must loathe him," I d sympathetically, thinking of those ightful, and cozy, hours spent with wer, Taylor, and Flynn.

'Loathe him?" they turned on me in ming indignation. "Why, we *love* him! 's the most *fascinating* man!"

This opinion, strangely enough, seems be shared by women all over the coun-. I say strangely enough because with v exceptions George has only played els, cads and bounders ever since he and rone Power got off to a good start in loyds of London." None of that hero ff for Georgie. But suddenly women erywhere have gone completely mad out him. They send him mash notes tell- him how charming and irresistible he but that he really ought to reform, th their help of course. Not since Clark ble pasted one on Norma Shearer in "A ee Soul" has the male repulsive seemed te so attractive.

'I'm no isolationist. I could hardly wait be insulted by Mr. Sanders. And ask n what he thinks of women. It's certainly no secret what women think of him.

"What do you think of George Sanders?" I asked a press agent at one of the studios where George has worked. "In case he sleeps out my interview, what can I write about him?"

"It's hard to tell where to start, or where to end, in describing the peculiarities of our Mr. Sanders." The press agent settled back comfortably in his chair, put his feet on the desk, and with great relish, I suspected, tore into Mr. Sanders. "He is, as you know, a mountain of huge flesh, with the frightening aspect of the giants in fables. He has a handshake that feels like putty, or jello in the process of liquefying. As a matter of fact he puffs like a steam engine after but a few steps, and I rather suspect that he has no more strength than a chain store oyster. He seems to be afraid of strong physical exercise so he sits and sits. I think the man's rudeness is an act with him.

"George has the self-egotism of the glamorous foreign feminine stars of years ago—a mountainous disbelief in the ability or integrity of others, and a corresponding belief in himself. He doesn't think he is the best actor in the world. He thinks he is the *only* one."

Nice going, I thought, nice going indeed. But after all you can't expect a press agent, and a man, to appreciate the charms of Mr. Sanders. However, he had me worried. I wasn't exactly looking forward to being insulted. I thought longingly and lovingly of those delightful, and cozy, hours spent with Tyrone, Robert, and Errol.

I finally ran down the idol of American movie-goers on the set of Director Albert Lewin's "The Moon and Sixpence," which is being adapted of course from Somerset Maugham's tremendous best seller of twenty years ago. After watching several scenes being made that day I gathered that "The Moon and Sixpence" doesn't handle sex with gloves. It's strictly adult. And considerably on the shocking side. But Producer Loew and Director Lewin are betting a million dollars that you will like it.

George is playing *Charles Strickland,* unquestionably one of the most reprehensible characters in literature. He is selfish, capricious, domineering, lustful, and totally self-centered. He ain't no gentleman.

"You're in luck," a member of the publicity department whispered in my ear. "George is so crazy about the scene he's going to do this morning that he's in fine fettle. He's actually laughing." (The scene, I was to discover later, permits Mr. Sanders, in the character of *Mr. Strickland,* to express himself whole-heartedly about women. And what he said—whew!)

I would like to report that I said something very scintillating to Mr. Sanders, and that he responded with the retort discourteous. As well as I remember we both just said "Hello" and let it go at that. He seemed friendly enough, as a matter of fact, he smiled, and I was completely captivated. His handshake was *not* like jello. But I wasn't taking any chances on the slumber that seems to envelop Mr. Sanders at the approach of an interviewer. I plunged.

"What do you think of women?" I asked breathlessly. "I suppose you know that we've all gone pleasantly insane over you. What do you think of us?"

"Women," said George Sanders, "are constantly trying to become the superior sex, when they know darned well that they are the inferior." He fixed me with his cold, basilisk eyes and I knew I was a gone goose and wouldn't utter one word in defense of my sex. "They are so charming and beautiful and feminine, when they are feminine, you'd think they would have sense enough to remain that way. But no, they want to become superior. And the minute they try to become superior—which they never can do, anyhow—they are just about as interesting as a flat soufflé."

Well! I certainly began to wonder about Mrs. Sanders who called herself a "broad-minded wife."

"It's a sad situation," he continued grandly, "and it keeps growing worse. I am going to do all in my power to keep women the inferior sex. Women never were more appealing, never more charming and beautiful, than during the days of Sir Walter Scott's tournaments when they stayed in the background and cheered their knights on to glory. You'd think, wouldn't you, that they'd want to remain feminine. And desirable."

So that was what Mrs. Sanders did. Stayed in the background and cheered her knight on to glory. Well, maybe.

George proceeded to yawn and stretch himself out on his spine with his feet in a nearby chair. "This," he said sleepily, "is the only reasonable position for a man of intelligence."

"You were saying about women—" I hastily reminded him.

"I am very worried about some of my friends who have married actresses," he continued. "They are groping around in the most abysmal depths to which human suffering can go. To remedy this dire situation, I am going to get up an organization of good, stalwart, hardy men and campaign for a 25 per cent tax on all actresses. This tax will be for the preservation of femininity. The studios should take the 25 per cent tax out of every actress' salary, and give it to some worthy charity. An actress should have only a little pin money, so that she can't make her husband feel inferior. She should earn only enough, say, for some new clothes, or to send her mother a present at Christmas time. After all, it should be sufficient compensation just to have the privilege of playing opposite someone like Tyrone Power or Clark Gable.

"The 25 per cent tax offers interesting possibilities. The glamor girls would enjoy their work more, knowing that they were doing it only for the fun of it, and not for commercial reasons. They would take pride in making many charities possible. And when they went home at night they wouldn't give their husbands that I-make-two-thousand-a-week-and-you-make-only-fifty-you-poor-sap kiss.

"If the 25 per cent tax didn't remedy the situation, we could increase it gradually each year. I don't think it should ever exceed 50 per cent. After all, I am a generous man and I think the movie heroines should have sufficient pin money to keep their inferiority well-clad and well-ornamented."

He grinned as he noticed my astonishment. "I don't think Miss Dunne, Miss Russell, Miss Colbert, Miss Tierney and Miss Davis will like you," I gasped.

"I wouldn't have a wife who made more money, or was more famous than myself," George added emphatically. "You can't expect a man to be happy with a wife who

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re Lamarr! You can't get too much of beauty. Hedy, opposite as *Tondeleyo* "White Cargo," introduces the "lurong" he "costume" she wears in the new film. is not a sarong, but it does have lots allure—hence the name, "lurong."

Don't forget to buy your War Savings Bonds and Stamps at your local theater!



Rosemary La Planche, above, so-called most beautiful girl in the world, makes her screen début in "Prairie Chickens," Western streamliner which stars Jimmy Rogers, Will's son, and Noah Beery, Jr., and is being directed by Hal Roach, Jr. Rosemary is present holder of the Atlantic City beauty crown and "Miss America 1941."

comes home at night with a drooping face."

So now you know all about Mrs. Sanders.

But before I could work up a good suit —Glamor Girls *versus* George Sanders— George was called before the cameras. The action called for him, as *Strickland,* to display his paintings to Herbert Marshall.

"A woman can forgive a man for the harm he does her, but never for the sacrifices he makes on her account," said Sanders.

"That is the most cynical observation I ever heard," replied Marshall.

"I needed practice in painting the female figure," Sanders continued. "When I finished painting her I had no further use for her . . . I don't want love. Love is a disease. A weakness. Women can do nothing except love, so they've given love a ridiculous importance. I can't overcome my desire for them—but I hate it. When a woman loves you, she's not satisfied until she possesses your soul. Because she's weak, she has a rage for domination. She has a small mind and resents abstract ideals which she is unable to grasp. The soul of man wanders through the uttermost regions of the universe and she tries to imprison it in the circle of her account book."

Believe me, I've never heard an actor tear into his lines with so much enthusiasm. You'd have thought they were his brain-children. He admitted later that he wished he'd thought of them first. Sometimes I feel sorry for Mrs. Sanders. And then I remember that she ha[s] Hollywood's most fascinating actor. And t[hat]'s more than we've got.

Life With Andy Devin

Continued from page 33

what I'm going through but I'm going worry like hell for a while. You call me about fifteen minutes, will you?" Then he start for the den. Just as he's closing t door he'll stick his head out and say, "O by the way, what do you want me to wor about?"

It's hard for me to answer that. Wh we bought our home years ago we decid it was going to be a small place and we kept to that. Where a lot of picture peop start out with small places and add win and ells as their salaries mount, we ha kept ours small. Not a room—not a bat room—has been added since the day moved in. It is small enough that if it b comes necessary I can do the housewo myself. Most of the money is in the groun and if things get tough we can raise ever thing we need to eat. Even before this w we've raised all our own vegetables, poult and eggs.

The place is paid for, we're savi money, buying Savings Bonds, etc., so wh you come right down to it, although, in h pictures, Andy is supposed to be a little the simple side, actually he has pretty goo grounds for asking me what he shou worry about.

He has the most even disposition of an one I've ever met. He's not up in the clou one day and down in the dumps the nex He goes along on an even keel. I listen some of my friends who are married glamor boys or leading men, telling ho their husbands are crotchety because t studio wants to put them into a picture wi Sadie Glutz whereas the husband is holdi out for the lead with Gwendolyn Gweer. have none of that to go through. Andy isn a glamor boy, he isn't a leading man, an it doesn't matter a tinker's darn to hi which star he plays with or whether he pla with any star. He doesn't depend on ga for his humor and given a halfway eve break he can be funny regardless of wheth the picture is good, bad or indifferent.

He loves the picture business, *I* ado the money he makes and neither of wants him to be a star. So, as long as h can bolster up a film and the studio pic up his options neither of us cares wheth he plays in A or B pictures. That mak it very nice because it saves a lot of gri ing and heartache.

We met about ten years ago when w were both working on a picture with Wi Rogers called "Dr. Bull." Mr. Rogers an my father had been boyhood friends an it was Mr. Rogers who introduced us. hadn't a car and was dependent on m brothers to call for me in the evenin They're a little on the scatterbrained sid and sometimes they didn't show up. So a at once I found myself riding home an evening with Mr. Devine. Next thin I knew I was going out with him of a evening to the exclusion of almost everyon else.

I still didn't think I was in love wit him but I suddenly realized one day tha when I went out with the Arrow Colla boys I was bored to death and when I wen with Andy I had fun. Then, one night, h invited my sister, another girl and me an a couple of fellows up to his place for din ner. He had a tiny little place on the sid of a hill. He'd fixed the dinner himself. H had plenty of food but not enough of any thing to serve it on. But there was some thing so boyish and so eager about his jo in entertaining and having people in hi home that—well, it sort of got under m skin.

After dinner, while he was cleaning up the dishes, I was snooping through the rest of the house as girls will when they get into a bachelor's place. I came to the closet in the bedroom and there was a laundry bag big enough to hold a day's wash from the Ambassador Hotel. It was crammed full. I said, "Andy! What's this?"

"Oh, that," he answered carelessly. "It's laundry."

"Why don't you send it out?" I persisted.

"Too much trouble," he explained briefly. When I need something clean, I just buy a new one and stuff the old in there. It's simpler."

His parents were both dead and his brother was back east. I knew then he needed someone to look after him. When you begin to feel that way about a man you're sunk.

I was eighteen at the time but today, after nine years of married life (even though *he* raised *me* during the first few years of our marriage) I still have the feeling I have to mother him as well as our two sons.

He is the most unselfconscious man I have ever met. If he wants a pair of socks he reaches blindly into a drawer for them. If he wants a shirt he'll reach for it while he's talking to me. He doesn't care what color or kind they are as long as they're socks or shirts.

It's kind of nice in one way but, in another, it becomes a little exasperating at times. Often I've had to say to him, in exactly the same tone I use to Tad (our seven year old), "Go back and comb your hair again. And *this* time look in the glass while you're doing it."

Fortunately we both like exactly the same things. In the fall we go hunting, in the spring and summer we go fishing. We both like horses and we both detest night clubs. Occasionally, when Tommy Dorsey or some band like that is in town we'll go wherever they're playing to listen to them. But we go to hear the music and not to visit a night spot. We're both wild about music—everything from Kostelanetz to boogie-woogie—as long as it's well played.

The light of Andy's life is his pidgeons. He has a flock of racing pidgeons that he trains and breeds himself. On Saturdays, during the racing season, he'll ship a crate to wherever the race is to start. Each bird has a little tag around its leg, held there by a rubber band, with its registered number on it. Just before they are released the secretary of the club stamps the time on the tag and when they reach home the owner puts the tag in a time clock that stamps the time of arrival and automatically seals the tag in a capsule. After that it's delivered to the local office of the Association. If the seal is broken it's thrown out. So there's no chance for cheating.

He knows approximately how long it will take the birds to get back and on Sunday afternoon we go out to the patio, way in the back of the farm (that he calls his *Shangri-La*) and wait. You've no idea how exciting it gets as the time approaches for them to be winging in. It's like a long drawn-out horse-race.

His buddies all over the valley, who belong to the club, will start phoning in. "Any your birds home yet?"

"Naw," Andy'll drawl. "I haven't even seen a feather. Yours home?"

Probably all of them will have one or two birds home by that time but none of them will admit it. They're like a bunch of kids, each trying to slip something over on the others. Half the time, despite all the elaborate training plans and secret feeding formulas they've worked out, some twelve year old will turn up with the winner!

That homespun quality of Andy's you see on the screen is no put-on performance. That's the real Andy. He *loves* people. His father ran the Beall Hotel in Kingman, Arizona. If you've ever had any truck with the proprietor of a small town hotel you know how they love to chin with the guests. Andy has inherited that and there is nothing he gets as much kick out of as chewing the fat with people. One of the things I love most about Andy is that he enjoys talking to the gardener just as much as the head of a studio or the biggest star in the business.

People who know Andy well and know how happy-go-lucky he is, get a bang out of seeing him in the rôle of the stern father. He is as close to both boys as Saturday is to Sunday but when he tells them to do something he isn't fooling—and they know it.

We both detest spoiled children so years ago, before Tad was born, we made an agreement that when one of us was correcting or disciplining the children, regardless of how the other of us felt, we wouldn't interfere but would settle the problem later between ourselves. I mean, as far as the children are concerned, we always back each other up. It's worked out fine and, in contrast to many kids, ours are only half-spoiled.

Almost invariably on Sunday afternoon Andy takes the boys to a theater that shows only Westerns. Of course, when the circus is in town he's a pushover for that. And, before they closed it, it was a question on Sunday mornings which could gulp his breakfast down first, Tad or Andy, so they could get to the monkey farm.

It is a sort of ritual in our house that whenever anyone has a birthday the honoree gets to order the dinner—everything he likes. It's a panic on one of the kids' birthdays to listen to Andy trying to sell him a bill of goods and persuade him to order what *he* likes, rather than the boy's favorite dishes.

The first picture Tad ever saw was "Stagecoach." He was about 3½ or 4. As he glimpsed Andy on the screen he let out a whoop that put to shame the Indians in the film and yelled excitedly, "That's my daddy!" When Andy came home that night he was, naturally, anxious to hear about it. There was no word of commendation from Tad about Andy's acting but he was thrilled to the marrow over Andy's ability as a stagecoach driver.

The *Judge* and *Andy Hardy*, with their man-to-man talks, have nothing on Andy and Tad. Of course, Denny is only 3½ but he and Andy are also beginning to have fireside chats and Andy usually sits with him while he's having his supper.

Despite the close bond that exists between Andy and the boys, he refuses to worry about them and is constantly after me to leave them to their own devices. I remember once when Tad was only six he'd gone horseback riding with some older boys. When it grew dark and he hadn't returned, I began to grow uneasy. By 7:00 o'clock I was frantic and by 7:30 I was a raving maniac but all the sympathy I got from Andy was "He's O.K."

When the young man finally strolled in at 8:00 I was ready for bed and a nurse but Andy just grinned and sat down to listen to a detailed account of the afternoon's adventures.

There aren't many men who enjoy having company in their homes as much as Andy does. He's never so happy as when he knows someone is coming for dinner or to spend the evening. Possibly it sounds dull but we don't play games. We just talk.

I think it's a proven fact that men are just as big gossips as women but most of them try to act so superior about it and pretend *they* aren't gossipping. Well, Andy loves to "dish" as he calls it, and makes no bones about it. Many's the time I've been talking to someone who was just about to serve up a choice tidbit when Andy would be called to the phone and yell, as he left the room, "Hold everything 'til I get back! I don't want to miss this."

He is on a rigid diet now. When there was first talk of a draft Andy used to kid and say, "I guess I'll stay fat and flat-footed." But since Pearl Harbor it's killing him that he isn't 21 and slender, so he's working like heck to get his weight down.

Meantime, he does whatever he can in the way of war work—drives, benefits, etc. Whenever he has a day off from the studio he and Norris Goff (*Abner* of *Lum & Abner*) go out to March Field and teach the men and officers skeet-shooting.

It isn't that he eats so much. Actually he doesn't eat as much as many men I know. It's only that he hasn't a nerve in his body and, where most actors lose weight on a picture from nerves and worry, Andy has a swell time. The trouble is, between shots he sits around gabbing with everybody. The result is, he gets no exercise and everything he eats turns to fat.

He is the most considerate and generous person on earth. Last fall I was out one day and saw a man in a 1912 Ford. "Want to sell your car?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Thousand bucks."

"You wouldn't want to cut me off at the ankles, would you?" I snapped.

"Well, you see," he grinned, "I rent this car to the studios and make about $500 a year out of it. I've refused to swap for a better station wagon than you're driving."

I told Andy about it that night and ended with, "I've never wanted anything in my life as much as that old Ford."

A couple of weeks later I'd forgotten about it. He was asking what I wanted for Christmas and I said, "Nothing. We'd better be saving our money."

"How about a new car?" he insisted.

"No," I replied, "and I want you to promise me you won't buy one. We don't need a new car."

Christmas morning he took me out to the garage and there was my Ford—a 1913 model—that he had dug up, had overhauled and equipped with new tires.

"I only promised I wouldn't get you a *new* car," he laughed, then sobered up and added seriously, "we can always use it as an evacution car if it becomes necessary. The tires are so small that even if the government commandeered every tire in the country these wouldn't be any use to them."

So, except when I use it to go marketing in, it's carefully tucked away in the garage against an emergency!

Perhaps Andy isn't the sort of chap who makes a girl sigh for a canoe on a summer night (for obvious reasons) but we can still get a bang out of looking at the moon together and today, after nine years of him, if anyone asked how I feel about Andy, I could only answer, "My one regret is that I didn't meet him nine years sooner!"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

C	A	R	O	L	■	F	E	Z	■	H	E	N	I	E
A	L	I	B	I	■	A	D	O	■	A	M	O	N	G
B	E	L	L	A	M	Y	■	R	I	N	S	I	N	G
A	R	L	I	N	E	■	B	I	N	G	■	S	E	E
L	T	■	G	A	R	L	A	N	D	■	H	E	R	D
■	■	S	E	■	L	A	R	A	I	N	E	■	■	■
T	E	E	■	H	E	I	R	■	A	O	R	T	A	S
I	R	E	N	E	■	D	Y	E	■	N	O	R	M	A
C	A	M	E	R	A	■	M	E	S	A	■	O	I	L
■	■	■	C	A	R	R	O	L	L	■	A	T	■	■
T	A	S	K	■	M	O	R	S	E	L	S	■	B	A
R	I	A	■	L	O	G	E	■	P	A	P	E	R	Y
A	S	T	A	I	R	E	■	A	T	T	I	R	E	R
C	L	A	R	K	■	R	U	N	■	C	R	O	N	E
T	E	N	S	E	■	S	P	Y	■	H	E	S	T	S

RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—*Warners.* This story of George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

THIS ABOVE ALL—*20th Century-Fox.* Here is a picture to tear your emotions to shreds. It's the film version of Eric Knight's best-selling novel about England in this war. Joan Fontaine gives a beautiful performance as the girl who joins the W.A.A.F. and falls in love with a Handsome Stranger, played by Tyrone Power.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—*Paramount.* Lusty melodrama about a ruthless killer and how he atones by catching up with fifth columnists. Plenty of excitement. Its fast and furious action will have you on the edge of your seat. Veronica Lake does her best acting so far, but newcomer Alan Ladd steals the show. Don't miss it.

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI—*20th Century-Fox.* Why the Marines have commanded the respect of the world, their training, responsibilities, recreation, and the high ideals of the Marine Corps are rousingly presented. Swell and exciting entertainment. John Payne, as the cocky private, Randolph Scott, as the sergeant, Maureen O'Hara, as the nurse, all excellent.

TORTILLA FLAT—*M-G-M.* John Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of Monterey, California. You must see the picture, for it is a cinema masterpiece. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Frank Morgan, excellent in their rôles; Hedy Lamarr, a fiery human being as the girl in the story.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE—*Paramount.* This combination of Bob Hope better than ever and beautiful Madeleine Carroll will appeal to everybody. The plot involves Hope in a ring of Nazi spies with a gorgeous blonde British agent against a background of crazy and screamingly funny misadventures. Has suspense, too.

MY GAL SAL—*20th Century-Fox.* This picture, based on the career of the late Paul Dresser, ballad-writer, is an enchanting escape from today's troubles. Rita Hayworth, its star, gorgeously costumed as a Gay Nineties belle, is a vision in color; Victor Mature, good as the song-writing hero. The star-studded cast also has Carole Landis, John Sutton, James Gleason, Walter Catlett, Mona Maris.

REAP THE WILD WIND—*Paramount.* Spectacular, thrilling. Cecil B. DeMille melodrama. It has adventure, romance, and a lot of American history of a century ago when pirate wreckers ruled the Florida keys. Never a let-up in the breathless action and the love scenes are exciting. Paulette Goddard gives a fiery performance. John Wayne, Ray Milland, excellent as her two suitors.

IN THIS OUR LIFE—*Warners.* The story of two sisters and the havoc wrought when the bad one steals her sister's husband, has Bette Davis at her most menacing and neurotic. Bette does a good job of making you loathe the bad sister, with Olivia de Havilland in the sympathetic rôle. George Brent, Dennis Morgan, the leading men.

THE GOLD RUSH—*United Artists.* Charlie Chaplin's film of "the little fellow" who goes prospecting and his comic misadventures. Everyone, young or old, who enjoys a good hearty laugh and those kids who have never seen Charlie, will want to see it.

SABOTEUR—*Universal.* Latest Alfred Hitchcock production. Bob Cummings, exciting as the defense-plant worker who has to clear himself of a sabotage charge; Priscilla Lane, charming as the girl who helps him run the saboteurs to ground; Otto Kruger, fine as a suavely sinister spy. Fun and thrills.

THE GAY SISTERS—*Warners.* The story of three sisters (Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nancy Coleman) fighting for their inheritance. Plot has unusual twists and turns which even the smart guessers won't anticipate, and which atone for the tedium of some scenes. Girls are excellent; but Gig Young, a newcomer, strolls away with the picture.

RIO RITA—*M-G-M.* Saboteurs are written into the plot of this new version of the familiar stage and screen show, but Lou Costello and Bud Abbott, with their uproarious antics, foil the spies. They're funnier than ever. John Carroll and Kathryn Grayson are good as the singing sweethearts.

KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK—*Korda-U. A.* For children of every age. Rudyard Kipling's fantasy, the story of *Mowgli,* the Indian boy who wandered into the jungle to be reared by the wolves, filmed in brilliant Technicolor. As *Mowgli,* Sabu's sincerity shines through his work and makes it refreshing entertainment.

SHIP AHOY—*M-G-M.* Lively, entertaining screen musical. A lot of good laughs—inspired by the screen's funniest man, Red Skelton, and new dance routines by Eleanor Powell, so you won't mind if the plot is far-fetched and unconvincing.

MOONTIDE—*20th Century-Fox.* If you saw Gabin's French movies, or if you're curious to see the Gallic panic for the first time, you'd better catch this. Gabin's great magnetism dominates this dull story about a hard-drinking dockhand who is reformed by the waif he rescues. Ida Lupino, fine as the waif.

THE FLEET'S IN—*Paramount.* A musical comedy about girls and sailors on leave. Bill Holden, seen as a shy sailor, becomes the envy of his ship-mates when he meets a girl singer. So much fun what with Dorothy Lamour and Jimmy Dorsey and his band and grand vodvil acts—even sailors will enjoy it. Dottie and Bill, good. Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken provide entertaining comedy.

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY—*Paramount.* Sentimental saga of the Early West. The story of *Ethan Hoyt,* founder of Hoyt City. Flashback method of telling the story slows it up a bit, but splendid performances by Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea make it worth your while.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—*M-G-M.* MacDonald-Eddy fans will like this gay musical fantasy about a Budapest playboy who dreams he marries an angel. Jeanette and Eddy render lilting Rogers and Hart tunes in excellent voice.

THE SPOILERS—*Universal.* Exciting new film version of Rex Beach's red-blooded saga of Klondike gold rush days. Highlight is the fight between John Wayne and Randolph Scott, which is the biggest, most realistic and brutal fist fight ever filmed. Marlene Dietrich excellent as the barroom queen.

SUICIDE SQUADRON—*Republic.* A moving war drama about a concert pianist, member of the Polish air force, who is parted from his American wife when she tries to keep him from rejoining a suicide squadron. Anton Walbrook, magnificent as the pianist-flyer; Sally Gray, good. Air scenes, thrilling; fine musical score.

TWIN BEDS—*United Artists.* This bedroom farce is given a timely touch by having the wife (Joan Bennett) neglect her hubby (George Brent) in favor of her USO work. Bennett and Brent, good, but Mischa Auer steals top honors as a romantic Russian. Repetitious, but screamingly funny.

JUKE GIRL—*Warners.* This picture is about migrant farm workers in a Florida town at crop-picking time. Ann Sheridan is seen as the juke joint dancer who loves Ronald Reagan. Murder, mob fury, attempted lynchings furnish the action. Richard Whorf is in it. Acting, good throughout.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS—*20th Century-Fox.* Lively filmusical with a pre-war Hawaiian background. Has lots of beauty—scenic (thanks to Technicolor) and feminine (especially Betty Grable in a grass skirt); Victor Mature; comedy by Jack Oakie; and tuneful songs.

A GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK—*United Artists.* The story is about a crook who goes straight when his baby is born, but whose wife continues her life of crime. *Heliotrope Harry,* the gentleman crook, is splendidly portrayed by Brian Donlevy, and Miriam Hopkins plays the wife. Exciting. Has suspense.

BROADWAY—*Universal.* Melodrama of t roaring '20's which follows the life of Geor Raft, with George, as himself, telling about t old days and how he became a Broadway hoof Janet Blair, talented newcomer, good as his pa ner. Has old favorite tunes and well-done dan routines.

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—*20th Centur Fox.* Trite, romantic comedy with Gene Tiern playing a shop-girl who is transformed into attractive lure to help fleece wealthy men. Hen Fonda is one of her victims, but love sets Has some spicy dialogue, and Gene is positive disturbing in some of the bathing suit scen

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—*M-G-M.* R Skelton is *Maisie's* (Ann Sothern) man in t latest of this popular comedy series in whi Ann plays a show girl who teams up with R amateur vaudevillian, who gets stage-fright opening night. That scene alone is worth yo time and money, but the rest is corny comed

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—*Warners.* A se timental film drama for femme fans which i troduces Gloria Warren, a young girl with beautiful voice. Fine acting by Walter Husto as the convict-father whose children believe is dead; and Kay Francis plays the mothe Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals furnish mus and comedy.

BUTCH MINDS THE BABY—*Univers* Damon Runyon's tale about an ex-convict wi a heart of gold, who talks the dese, dose jargo and who appoints himself guardian to a pret widow's (Virginia Bruce) baby. Brod Crawfo is excellent as the ex-con. The baby's cute gu glings steal the picture. Dick Foran's in it, t

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—*United Artists.* T story, concerning a poor little girl and her "r mance" with a rich boy, despite his family's d approval, is too trite and not true enough f Shirley Temple, its star. Shirley's first mo rug-cutting is more fun than her first scre kiss. Supporting cast has: Dickie Moore, G Kibbee, William Gargan.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN—*M-G-M.* The i portance of guarding military secrets is stress in this film. Robert Young is convincing Smith, a defense worker who traps the spi who tried to beat him into divulging bombsig plans. A lesson in patriotism, and not lacki in entertainment qualities.

THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI—*RKO.* Sou Seas comedy romance. Refreshing bit of scre entertainment. Light-hearted and gay. Ideal fi for these troubled times. Charles Laughton, J Hall and Peggy Drake in the cast.

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—*M-G-M.* mystery thriller about strange axe murders. N a horror film. Lew Ayres, good as the une ployed actor who catches the killer; Basil Rat bone, fine as the phony medico; Laraine Day h little to do except look lovely. Suspense is goo

THE MAYOR OF 44TH STREET—*RK* A bright comedy-drama about a gang of jiv crazy kids who blackmail an ex-hoofer (Geor Murphy) on threat of heckling his bands. Mu phy, fine in a straight rôle; Anne Shirley, go as his girl. Freddy Martin's band supplies musi

MY FAVORITE SPY—*RKO.* A spy come with Kay Kyser playing a dumb band-leader w is called to Army service on his wedding day a made an espionage agent. His efforts becon amusingly complicated when he can't explain h actions to his bride. Ellen Drew and Ja Wyman, good, but we missed Ginny Simms, a didn't get enough of Kay's band. Not our f vorite Kyser film.

STARDUST ON THE SAGE—*Republi* There's more singin' than shootin' in this Aut western, but that makes it more entertainin and, therefore, will also appeal to fans who ord narily wouldn't care for horse operas. Gene a Smiley Burnette lead theater audiences throug the use of the magic-ball and wand in such song as *Deep In the Heart of Texas* and *Home O the Range.*

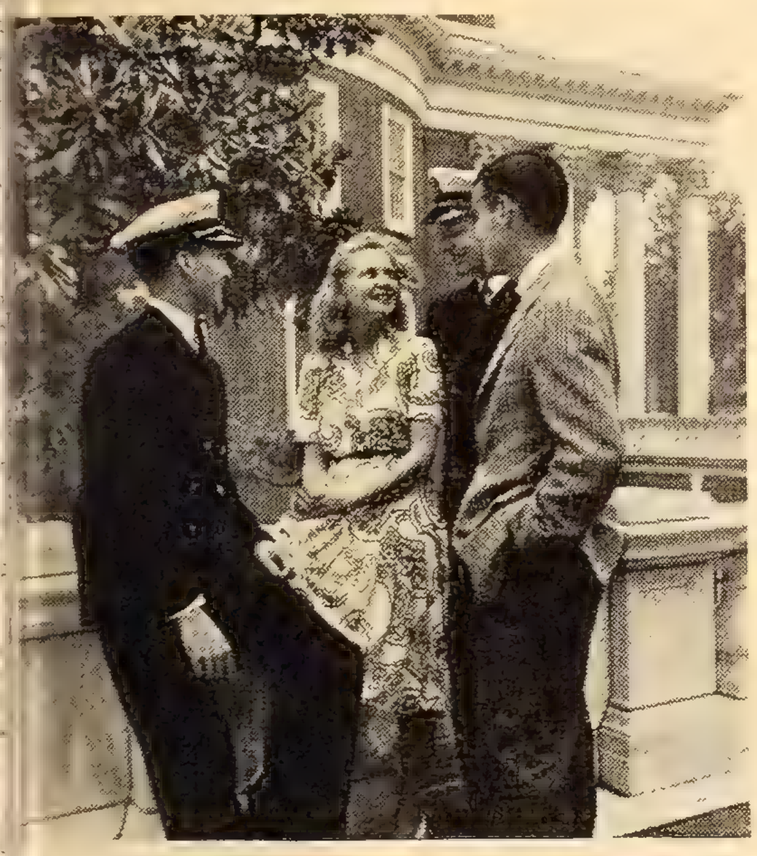
TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—*M-G-M.* Tarzan's latest adventures take him t the big city. In addition to the jungle anima and the usual swinging from treetops, Tarza thrills you with leaps from skyscrapers and do a Steve Brodie off Brooklyn Bridge. Too fanta tic for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.

MOKEY—*M-G-M.* A touching story about motherless boy, *Mokey,* who is always gettin into trouble. A good study in child psycholog Bobby Blake, as *Mokey,* proves he's a good litt actor. Dan Dailey, Jr., and Donna Reed are i the cast.

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—*RKO.* If you've seen earlier "Spitfire" films, yo know what to expect. If you like silly comed you'll enjoy it—but not otherwise. Leon Erro versatile comic, portrays *Lord Epping, Unc Matt, Hubbell*—all three. The fiery Lupe Vele and Charles Buddy Rogers are in it.

She's ENGAGED

A Virginian's exquisite bride-to-be, Marilyn Bauer of Washington, D. C. Her engagement to Courtland Davis, Jr., of the prominent Alexandria family was announced in June



WEEK END REUNION at the University of Virginia. Courtland, Marilyn and Navy friends on the promenade of the Jefferson Library. He is a second-year medical student, '44, and hopes to go directly into the U. S. Medical Corps.



THE CLASSIC GRACE of the library's Rotunda Balcony is a perfect setting for Marilyn's loveliness—her fair hair, blue eyes, porcelain-smooth skin. Every Virginian loves this beautiful building on the University of Virginia "grounds."

She's Lovely! She uses Lond's!



HER ENGAGEMENT diamond is a sparkling, blue-white solitaire. The handsome stone is set with fine simplicity in a plain gold band.

Very much of a live-wire American girl, Marilyn is up to her ears in war work on call for Canteen Duty, and busy with the Motor Corps. She's hardly time even to dream about her wedding in September.

"When there's such a lot to do, your face can't help looking tired sometimes," she told us. "I surely am thankful we are not asked to give up Pond's Cold Cream. Nothing seems to give my skin such a clean, soft feeling."

She pats Pond's Cold Cream carefully, with gentle little pats, over her face and throat. This helps soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues off again.

Use Pond's every night—and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor are Pond's users, too. And why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Exercise for Victory

Continued from page 23

bury herself in shame. Whether she's a movie star who washes dishes nightly in a canteen, after a hard day at the studio, or whether she's a welder in a defense factory, who attends classes in First Aid from eight to nine at night, the modern woman is up to her ears in war work. And the only way she can buckle it is by keeping the old constitution healthy and fit.

Joan Bennett is typical of the busy modern woman in war time. Like thousands of women all over America she not only does her job, but she also runs her house, looks after her husband and children, does a great amount of war work—and, amazingly enough, manages to keep herself trim and beautiful. Now that I think of it, Merle was probably indulging in British understatement—the woman of today must have the constitution of *six* truck horses, at least.

Joan Bennett joined the American Women's Voluntary Services while she was in New York in the Fall of 1941. She started her courses there, and later completed them at the Westwood branch of the A.W.V.S. She took courses in First Aid, Air Raid Precaution, and Civilian Defense—knocking off a neat little 97 in her First Aid exam. (Which caused her youngest daughter, Melinda, to gaze at Ma with great respect, and remark "Whoopee.")

When the United States declared war on the Axis, following the tragic stab in the back of December 7, Joan threw herself, heart and soul, into her war work. Despite the fact that she was working in Columbia's "The Wife Takes A Flyer," and having to keep home, husband, and children in order, she found ample time to organize her cherished canteens. She had noticed that there are many outposts in the vicinity of Hollywood, Santa Monica, and Los Angeles where there are soldiers stationed, with anti-aircraft guns, to protect vital spots. She sensed the need of some sort of recreation for these boys. She talked it over with the morale directors, and learned that they too felt a need for canteens. So Joan went to work.

She started the canteen fund with a check she earned by appearing on a Jack Benny show. Then she begged, borrowed, and, we might as well face it, stole, as much furniture as possible for the recreation halls from her movie star friends. With the boys' help she painted the woodwork and the tables. She ran up inexpensive denim curtains for the windows. And heaven only knows how she managed it, but somehow or other she found pianos, radios, victrolas, ping-pong and billiard tables for each of the canteens. (I'm quite certain that some day Robert Young, Don Ameche, or Ray Milland will look puzzled and say to his wife, "Darling, whatever happened to that billiard table I bought for the playroom?" Or Dorothy Lamour, Marlene Dietrich, or Claudette Colbert will return from a bond selling tour in the East and say, "Well, really, I did think I had a piano when I left.") Sandwiches, coffee, cocoa and cookies, as well as popcorn, candy and cigarettes are furnished nightly to the soldiers by the canteen workers—who are members of the A.W.V.S.

Joan sets aside several nights a week to appear at her canteens, where she works like a Trojan, washing dishes, making sandwiches, pouring coffee, and dancing and playing ping-pong with the boys. One canteen has a sign over it, made by the boys, which reads, "Camp Bennett." She has six canteens going at full speed now, but there will be six more—as soon as she gets her second wind.

If Diana and Melinda, Joan's two daughters, thought that their mother would be so busy with her war work this summer that they could get away with murder, they have found out differently. The children on your street might be running wild while their mothers march with the W.A.A.C.s—but not Joan's children. She's the conscientious mother, as always. Several months ago, Diana, her older daughter, became careless about losing the retainers (she is having her teeth straightened) for her teeth. Diana thought that her mother was so busy with her canteens and her First Aid that she wouldn't notice. But Joan did. She felt that something must be done to teach Diana that money does not grow on trees, and that carelessness is as out-dated as the bustle, so she informed Diana that the retainers would be paid for out of her allowance. Weeks went by without Diana having any allowance. Joan did not relent. And Diana hasn't lost a retainer since.

Every summer Diana goes off to an exclusive camp with several of her Holmby Hills playmates. But not this year. "I don think families should be split up durin these times," Joan told Diana, "and beside I have work for you to do this summer. So Diana works in the local office of th A.W.V.S. every morning, and she an Melinda spend their afternoons working i their Victory Garden. Diana does th weeding, and Melinda does the waterin and they have one of the biggest and be Victory Gardens on the West Coast.

As the wife of Walter Wanger, one o the foremost producers in Hollywood, Joa has to do more than her share of form entertaining. Stuffed shirts and brass ha a-plenty. Always she's the perfect hostes with a service that runs as smoothly a clockwork. But many a high official of th Army or Navy—who fancied that he wa making quite an impression on the beaut ful Mrs. Wanger—has had his ego deflate suddenly when Joan announces with il concealed delight, "I must go wash dishes Mr. Wanger hastily explains about Mr Wanger's canteens.

"But how does Joan manage to do a this," her friends are constantly askin "how can she run her career, her hom and her canteens all at the same time And still look like a débutante at a Princ ton prom?"

Curious as all get out, I finally cornere Joan the other day on the "Girl Trouble set at Twentieth Century-Fox, and de manded a detailed explanation. We wer considerably interrupted by phone cal from the A.W.V.S. headquarters (Joan State Chairman of Recreation Rooms requests from the director that Joan ki Don Ameche, for a scene of course, an an excited call from Melinda who joyously announced that the corn was up.

"It's as simple as one-two-three," sai Joan between upsets. "We have to win th war as quickly as possible. Soldiers fightin at the front cannot win alone. They mus have the all-out aid of women back hom And women can't give all-out aid unles they are healthy and physically fit. Thes are hectic times for women who work whether they work in offices, in shipyard in defense factories. Hours are longe work is harder, there is practically no re laxation, food is rationed, gas is rationed and nerves are high-strung and often a breaking point. Women have got to guar their health and energy and stamina. It would certainly be unpatriotic if they didn' And the best way to do that—the only wa to do that—is to take the proper exercises.

Joan told an A.W.V.S. big shot that sh definitely would round up another ping pong table (lock your doors, boys) and re turned to me.

"How do I keep fit? Well, sleep is ver necessary to me. I get eight hours of slee every night. I insist upon it. If possible rest for fifteen minutes or a half an hou during the day. I drink a quart of milk day. I never diet, and I never overeat. It that second helping that does the dirt work. Every time I get a chance to laugh I laugh. A long face and a sour dispositio can do a lot of harm to your health. An of course, I take my exercises, every day After a session of those exercises I feel f enough to tackle Hitler and Tojo all b myself.

"I prefer the Elizabeth Arden physica fitness exercises which illustrate the page of this story. These exercises are the re sult of research and careful study. Long periods of standing, or walking, of lifting pushing, or pulling heavy objects are ofte required in active defense work, and thes exercises are aimed at encouraging strengt and muscular coordination. Elizabeth Arde has very graciously offered courses i physical fitness free to members of th A.W.V.S.

"Exercise for Victory. It's little enough to do for Victory, isn't it?"



Myrna Loy was recently married to John D. Hertz, Jr., executive vice-president of Buchanan & Company, advertising agency. They are shown, at left, following the reception at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Robert Leylan, the bridegroom's sister.



Face The New World Gayly

WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX *Young Red*

THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip ... a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

Marry Now . . . . or Wait?

Continued from page 25

and ideal left her when *he* went away. And she'll blame herself for not having had the courage to grab her happiness. She'll always wish that she had said, 'I won't wait! I'll take my happines while it's at hand.' As for the man—if the worst does happen, first he can at least say to himself, 'I've known completeness in my life, anyway. I had *her*.'"

Ann, who was sitting nearby, broke into the conversation with her reply. One that obviously showed she had given the problem more than a little thought, especially since she had been entertaining and talking to a good many soldiers at various camps.

"I think you're right most of the way, Carole," she said. "But I think there are certain conditions. If a girl is definitely sure that he's the one and only and that she can support herself during his absence, marrying immediately is very advisable. But she must be positive that it isn't just the glamor of marrying a man fighting for his country that's making up her mind. She has to take stock of herself first, don't you think?"

"Yes, but doesn't that apply in any marriage—uniform or no uniform?" Carole asked. "Women have always had to take a squint at the situation before they made the jump."

All this talk somehow reminded me of a soldier I met in Hollywood. He was a nice, clean-cut kid, full of ambition. He had had a lot of girls back home, for he was quite on the good-looking side. But he hadn't married before he went into the Army. His name, by the way, is Ed Witte.

"I guess I didn't think much of marriage before I left for the service," Ed remarked. "I didn't really have the time. Anyway, I never used to go with the same girl twice in a row. I was out for a good time, and I didn't want to get serious. But now when I think about it—as I do often—I know what I'm going to do when all this is over. I'm going to marry the first girl I meet when I get back home! That is, if there are any left. Most of them are already married or engaged. So don't tell me that they are waiting for fellows. It's not in the cards. A wife at home is a lot better than a girl who *may* be waiting, but who probably isn't."

Strangely enough, Ed's idea was in the same groove with another soldier I gave a ride to one day. His name was Dan Lee. When I asked him what he thought, he said quickly, "I'd advise any guy to get married, because there are enough fellows losing their sweethearts now as it is. At least, marriage gives a man—and his girl—something to look forward to. It's no fun to go out to die, but it's a little easier if you know you at least had a wife. That the swellest thing in life—marriage—wasn't denied you."

Then there were two other soldiers I met—Roy Patterson and E. F. Hall. Roy was very insistent when he said, "Gosh, yes! Get married right away. Unfortunately, I didn't. I wish I had. After all, there's a fair chance—not too big a one, I admit—that the man may not go overseas at all. And even if he does, there's the possibility that he *will* come back—and in one piece. So why wait? Grab all you can while you're here to enjoy it."

"What do you mean there's a chance of our not going overseas or not coming back all banged up?" his friend Hal argued. "The odds are 100 to one that most of us will see service abroad. And the odds are almost as big that we won't come back in exactly the same shape we're in now. I think a fellow should wait. And when I say that it's tough, because I've got a girl and we had planned on getting married. When I went into the Army, we gave up our plans. She tried to move where she could be near me, but I was sent around to so many different places that we never could be together." He became very serious as he added, "Whenever I think how swell it would be to get married, I can't help wondering how my girl or any fellow's girl would feel if her man came back all shot up. Maybe she wouldn't want him then. Or else she'd remain loyal and give up her life to take care of him. No man wants that. And what if a baby arrived while he was away? That wouldn't be fair to her, to make her shoulder the burden alone. No sir, when I get married, I want a home—and security. You can't have either as long as the man is away and wondering when his ticket will come up."

I have found in talking to several soldiers that they fear marriage—at least those who do—because they constantly wonder what would happen if they came back wounded. That is their BIG worry. Then, on the other hand, there are those who think that if they have a wife to come home to, they'll come back in better shape than ever. That the knowledge that she is waiting will see them through.

Nancy Coleman seems to be pretty good solace to the boys who want marriage.



Miss Woodworth, who is starring in Hal Roach's new film, "The McGuerrins from Brooklyn," hopes you believe in signs.



Folks *will* pay attention to warnings such as "Loose Talk Can Cost Lives" if displayed by *and on* Marjorie Woodworth.

And to those who aren't particularly wo
ried over these sudden romances that le
to the altar.

"It's all up to the individual," Nan
said when I finally caught up with her
congratulate her on her fine work in "T
Gay Sisters." "Personally, if I loved a ma
I'd take the chance and marry him. Aft
all, any marriage is a gamble, and some
them are as risky as war marriages are.

"A lot of people say that no happine
can come out of a marriage when the b
and girl have met only recently. Why
that bother you? Maybe you are a fell
on leave. Maybe you have met a young la
and have fallen for her. Maybe you wa
to marry but are afraid you're just bei
impulsive and you think you should w
until you've known each other better. We
my grandmother and grandfather kn
each other only two weeks before th
were married and they've just celebrat
their fiftieth wedding anniversary!

"And as for the problem of the wife w
has to sit home and wait, I can simply s
there is no problem. She doesn't have
sit around and mope. She can go to parti
with her friends or even step out with o
special friend. She can do war work. The
are plenty of ways to keep herself o
cupied. So I can't see what's wrong wi
marrying right away—if you're really
love."

Alexis Smith arrived on the scene abo
this time. She was with Craig Stevens, t
actor to whom she is engaged. And a you
man all set for the draft, too. I was su
she'd agree with Nancy.

"What do I think about it?" Alexis sa
"I think an engagement is okay, but ma
riage is out. It would be all right if y

ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke. Look what eminent doctors found—on comparing the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

No finer tobaccos grow than those in PHILIP MORRIS. *But—in addition*—PHILIP MORRIS give you this exclusive, *proved protection!*



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

new for sure that the war would be over oon, but there's no telling how long it will st. If you marry, circumstances may hange for both of you. Your outlooks may iffer. And when he came back, you might nd that you had been apart so long that ere could be no opportunity of getting ack together again. It's a tough thing to ave to live apart after you're married. It oesn't give either the boy or the girl a nance to adapt themselves. And without nat chance to get to know each other and o make the necessary adjustments, marage is an awful risk even in ordinary mes.

"But the main problem, as I see it, is that oth the man and the girl should feel sychologically free. He is under a tremendous strain and he wants to feel he can o whatever he wishes. The girl may want nat same freedom too. But neither could er go out or enjoy themselves if marage entered in. Besides, if you're really in ve, you can go out continually with some- e else and you'll always end up thinking ly of that *one* particular person—no mat- r where he or she is."

From the sound of that, it looks as ough Miss Smith and Mr. Stevens aren't oing to march to the altar for a while.

There are two actresses in town who, their very actions, have given their dvice on this controversial problem.

Laraine Day has known Ray Hendricks r about two years. He is a flying instruc- r at Falcon Field in Arizona. They were arried recently.

"We didn't see any point in waiting any nger," Laraine told me. "And we weren't raid of either of us changing. The war nly made us realize how much we actually eeded each other. Of course, we can't make ny extensive plans, but we are thinking of rnishing a house. We're going to try to ake our marriage more important than it ordinarily would have been. I know what my job is anyway—it's to do all I can to build a home for him to come back to. To give Ray something concrete to look forward to—not just an ideal to dream about."

But Ruth Hussey acted in an entirely different manner. She had made definite plans to marry Lincoln Fogarty, who is in the Navy. And then they both decided to wait.

"I just felt that since Lincoln was making sacrifices," Ruth said, "the least I could do was to make equal sacrifices. We couldn't be together, for he's stationed in the east and I'm out here in Hollywood. Since we both want to start our life the right way, we're waiting. And I know our love won't suffer as a result."

I have talked to several pilots in our air force, and almost without exception they are high-strung emotionally. They all seem to have the attitude that they are entitled to the experience of marriage. They don't feel that they are doing a girl an injustice by marrying her right away instead of waiting. Instead, they just feel that they must live life to the fullest while they are here. To them there is only one philosophy: "This may be our last flight. We want all there is now instead of what there *may* be later on."

Speaking of pilots reminded me of Jinx Falkenburg who has even been going with one. I talked to Jinx on the set of "Cover Girls." When I asked her for her ideas, she said, "There isn't any question at all in my mind but that a boy and a girl should marry right away. The girl can do a lot toward helping her man if only by giving him the feeling that someone at home who cares is waiting for him. Marriage gives him something to remember—and it also makes the girl's life more meaningful. As for this talk that you hear about her not being able to wait and stepping out on the boy while he's gone, I can only say that if she loves him she'll do the right thing. If he can take the chances with his life that he does, she certainly can 'suffer' a little by being faithful. If she can't, she's not worth anything. But, regardless of this business, a man who is fighting wants more than the *hope* that his girl is waiting for him—maybe. He wants a wife whose love he can rely on."

Since Jinx told me this, I am beginning to wonder if she isn't planning on following her own advice. And soon!

Janet Blair and I bumped into each other as I was leaving Columbia after talking to Jinx. One look at this luscious bit of femininity and I knew why the service men take one gander at her and say, "Now I can die happy."

"What possible sense could there be for waiting?" she said to me when I asked for her opinion. "I know if I were in love with a fellow, I wouldn't want him to go away without marrying him. No girl wants to sit home with her fears and regrets. She wants to feel a security that can only come from having had *him* for herself. If she can know that he is hers and that no matter where he is they are really together, she won't need any more from life. Neither will he. And waiting for the day when they can start life with each other will be a lot easier. Nothing can take away the memories of a marriage—no matter how short it may be. And nothing can make a life so full as a realized love."

Those of you who haven't dropped this story by now and gone off and gotten married should listen to what Jane Frazee, Universal's promising starlet, has to say on the subject.

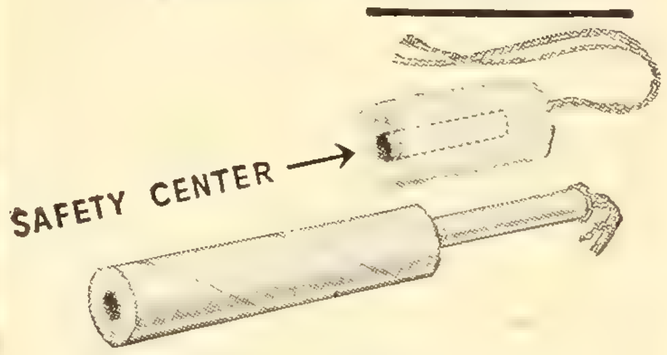
"Let's take the man's standpoint," she began. "He has enough worries without having to worry about a wife. So you may say, 'Yeah, but what if he's worrying about

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. . . consider Protection!



For *real* protection, absorption must be *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton, hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

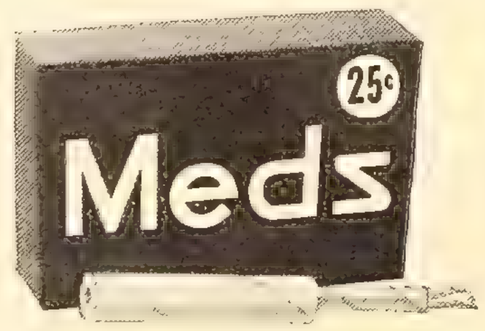
. . . make sure of Comfort!

Comfort means *correct* fit! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! And—each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

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Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators! For protection, comfort, value—choose MEDS!

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The Modess Tampon

his girl stepping out on him?' Well, if he's wondering about that then he can't trust her very much and consequently he's better off to forget her.

"To me, though, the one big drawback to marrying now is that you can't plan a home, and what's marriage without a home together? There are too many heartbreaks involved in such cases. So, really, the only thing to remember is: 'If you're going to wait, you'll wait. And if you aren't, you weren't ever in love anyway.'"

There is one girl in this country who waited. Of that, I am positive. She is Ruby Riddick from Louisiana. And the boy she was waiting for was Donald Gibson of the U. S. Navy.

I talked to Don at the Hollywood USO and he said, "We were going to get married last Christmas, but we didn't. But after I enlisted, I got air mail special deliveries every day from Ruby. She insisted that we get married right away. She didn't want to wait. She even told me that when she saw me again, she wouldn't let me get away. Not that I'd want to. I think she's coming out here to see me, so I've already bought the ring—just in case. I'm only sorry now that I didn't marry her when we first planned to—would have been wiser.

To which the marines would say "Phooey! Why bother with a wife?" Yes nine out of ten marines seem to be sure of two things: that they will come out of this scrape alive and that they don't want to get married until they're good and ready. And some of them aren't at all ready.

Betty Hutton, the Blonde Blitz of "The "The Fleet's In," was my next victim. In her loud voice, she began, "The war's not going to last forever. It won't last so long that a boy and girl who are engaged will be decrepit when it ends. If you're in love and your man is going into the service, I think you ought to pull on the reins and avoid dashing off to a preacher. After all if you wait you've both got a lot to look forward to when the war's over. Give a fellow something like marriage to plan on and watch his morale go soaring. With such romantic dreams in his mind, he's not going to be bored, that's a cinch. And boredom is the worst thing you can have nagging at you—with the exception of measles and hay fever."

Betty, incidentally, has a high school boy friend, Don Ridenour, who is in the Army. She's still sticking by her own advice.

No advice story is complete without



In contrast to the exotic and sophisticated rôles Maria Montez plays, she really has simple tastes and likes nothing better than a quiet evening at home with a good book and her favorite refreshing drink. Maria is playing in Wanger's "Arabian Nights."

orothy Lamour. Probably because she is level-headed. At the moment, she is not ngaged to anyone or even rumored in love ith anyone. But that doesn't detract from er ideas. Don't forget that she's had veral very serious love affairs and she nows what love means.

"I believe that a girl who falls sinrely in love with a man should marry m," she said to me on the set of "Road Morocco." "Yes, even if he is faced with e prospect of being called into service. feel that the fighting soldier, with a wife home praying for his safety, has an even eater incentive for faith and courage.

"I do recommend marriage with reservaon, though. My personal belief is that the ife of a soldier should work. This job, sides making her financially independent, ill give her far less time for worry and ar, and her husband, at the same time, ill be less anxious about her mental and ysical well-being.

"But I do suggest marriage with all my art to the girl who is truly in love and ho takes intelligent stock of her situation. ot, however, to the girl who falls in love ith a uniform."

And then I met Anne Baxter on the set "The Pied Piper."

"I don't like rushing into anything as portant or as serious as marriage," she id. "I realize that a boy and girl may ink they are so intensely in love that they ill marry impulsively. But how often do ey think of what they will be like in a ar or two or three from now? How often they consider the changes that will take ace in both of them? And if they have d a baby, everything would be even more mplicated. No, they're better off in the ng run if they wait."

So far you've been given a lot of adce. Now we're going to give you some estions for you to answer. Questions pplied by Ginny Simms. I met Ginny just fore she began work on her new picture ith Fibber McGee and Molly—her first ithout Kay Kyser. Already she had imressed the RKO executives—and the men every branch of our armed service.

"First, a girl should ask herself, 'Is it niform-itis or is it love?'" Ginny began. Maybe she's met a boy at a dance over e week-end. They dance well together. e kisses her and she thinks immediately at it's love. He's going away. They both et a fever and decide to marry. If you're such a spot, young lady, ask yourself, f he were out of uniform, would I marry m?' Uniforms, you know, do have a roantic aura about them. Then ask yourself, Would I like him as much if I saw him aving in the morning without his uniform n? Would the men in my family like m? Do I feel at ease with him? Or do I el strange and uncomfortable when I ave him after an evening out together? o I need moonlight and kisses to get that d feeling about him? And even if I've nown the boy a long time, do I think it's air to him to get married? Is it fair to ad him with responsibilities? Can I fit my fe to his regardless of how he may nange?' Don't forget that he'll be a difrent person when he comes back. He'll ave been systematized and regulated, and 'll be up to you to fit your house to match is new change in him. Your house—and es, your life. So can you do it? And as or you, young man, ask yourself, 'Am I st lonesome or do I really love her? Is he the kind of girl I wanted to marry?'

"When you answer these questions, you'll oth know what to do. But one thing I do ink every boy and girl should watch: Don't go in for heavy love-making. You'll nly make it tough on both of you.'"

There's your advice, you girls and you hen in uniform. Think it over—and whatver you decide, the best of luck.

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!



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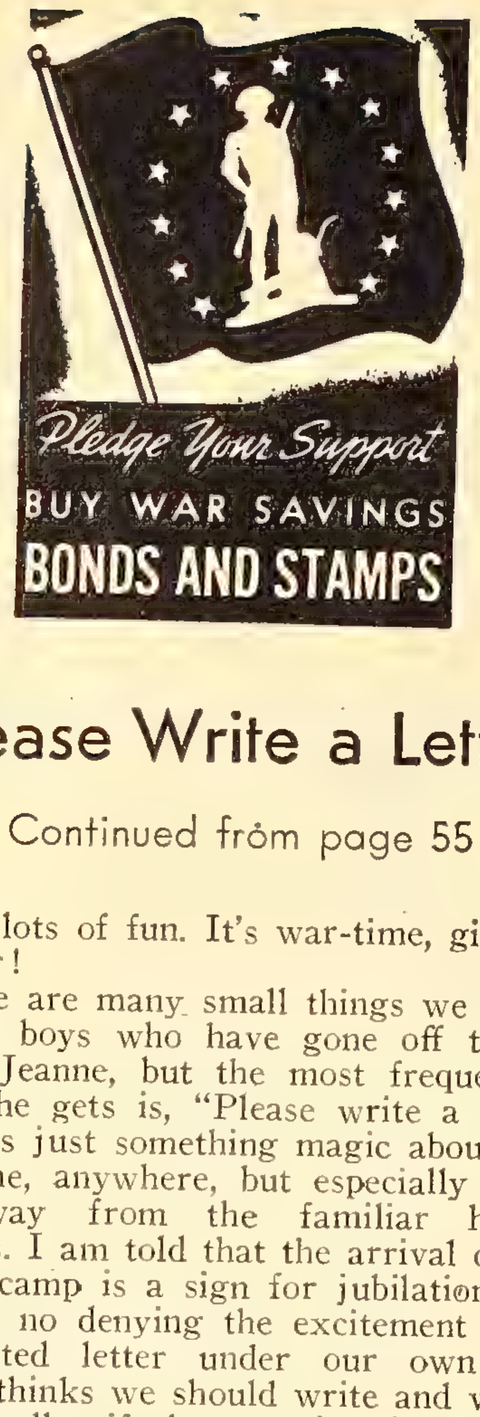
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

FRESH #2 THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM THAT REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR



"Please Write a Letter"

Continued from page 55

can be lots of fun. It's war-time, girls, remember!

There are many small things we can do for the boys who have gone off to war, thinks Jeanne, but the most frequent request she gets is, "Please write a letter." There is just something magic about mail, any time, anywhere, but especially if you are away from the familiar hunting grounds. I am told that the arrival of mail in any camp is a sign for jubilation. And there is no denying the excitement of the unexpected letter under our own door. Jeanne thinks we should write and write—romantically, if the occasion is right, or otherwise. She told me of the pleasure of correspondence with a British naval officer. She never knew geographically where the letters came from, nor does she now, but the mails still get through. The picture of Jeanne in this story probably tells you as much how to write welcome letters as pages of words could. She is thinking and she is smiling. Certainly, hers will be a cheering letter, and if she is homesick for someone, there won't be too much of that in the letter. Let him know you miss him if he is someone close in your life, but don't commiserate or feel sorry for yourself, she advises. If you are writing to someone who really cares for you, give time and attention to your letter. Don't be careless and hasty—that always looks as if you were rushing off to another date. In these times, it is certainly the boys who are left to ponder, "I wonder who's kissing her now?" In many cases, the girls know that their swains are safely within the limits of barracks come curfew.

"Use pretty writing paper," advises Jeanne. "This is as suggestive of your presence as your favorite perfume." For those who are not apt at letter writing, there are, nevertheless, ways to make your missive interesting and amusing. One girl I know pasted a series of vacation snapshots in chronological order and wrote a line under each. It made a good story. Another who can sketch in a way, draws funny little illustrations for her words, and, of course, there are brief cards and small note paper for those who can't go much beyond, "How are you? I am well." Anyway, it all mounts up to mail, and that's what the boys want—more than you know. Many of the stars write "mass" letters—letters to be read to a whole company; and clippings of items from the home town newspaper are welcome, in case the boys don't get that paper.

Beauty I had meant to talk to Jeanne about, but beauty really is as beauty does, and Jeanne thinks *doing* right now is very important. And Jeanne's way of doing by the men in the service, is in our opinion, more than all right!

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 13

"The Great McGinty" and "The Remarkable Andrew" (Jackson) have become "A Gentleman After Dark" and one of the "Two Yanks In Trinidad."

In other words, the great, the remarkable Brian Donlevy has demonstrated beyond question that he is a master of parts—any part the movies can offer.

Do you remember Brian's first screen rôle—that of the sinister blackshirted *Knuckles* in "Barbary Coast"? That was in 1936. After that, he made good as a bad man in a succession of rôles—most of them mediocre.

McGinty was a break. Now Hollywood has recognized that here is an actor who never turns in a bad performance. Tragedy or comedy—rich man, poor man, soldier, thief—he plays them all with deft certainty.

Academy Awards have been given for single outstanding performances. I suggest that a new type of Academy Award—for Consistent Excellence of Performance—be awarded to Brian Donlevy!

MRS. L. A. BALDWIN, Washington, D. C.

Has Hollywood ever considered putting Bette Davis and Abbott and Costello in a picture? Does a perfect hostess set a table with caviar, and all the delicacies that belong on a festive table, next to a big dish of beef stew? Of course not! Yet such a combination (of a different variety) occurred in "What's Cookin'."

Above all, I enjoy Woody Herman's orchestra, and the Andrew Sisters' voices, but oh! to put such a girl as Gloria Jean in the same picture is almost a sacrilege! She has one of the most beautiful voices in Hollywood, but under the circumstances, neither she nor the others could do their best, because of the contrast. No sooner would you get 'hep' when all of a sudden you swooned in a faint to hear Gloria to swing—which is next to impossible, her voice—then back we'd go to the boogie-woogie you've tapped your fee only to have it interrupted in a screec opera.

Please, Hollywood, don't ever d again! Think of our hearts—and the office returns.

MRS. HELEN ROBINSON, Olympia, W

HONORABLE MENTION

In the July issue in which Alan L was honored on SCREENLAND'S Honor I it stated that for the first time Vero Lake played second fiddle to Alan Lad "This Gun For Hire." Well, here in Louis those who saw "This Gun For H weren't even aware of the fact that glamorous Veronica Lake was in picture.

Since the picture was released all Louis has become Ladd-conscious. Not many years has this city witnessed fine skill for acting as Alan Ladd dem strated as the dynamic young killer "This Gun For Hire."

Mr. Ladd has taken the first step on way to stardom and we all know it is his last. We are anxiously waiting for release of his next Paramount hit, "T Glass Key."

BETTE WALDEN, St. Louis, Mo.

I've just had a gauntlet of words fl in my face and I've no choice but to c swords with my challenger. So please mit me space to defend my favorite, B Davis.

I want to remind a recent prize-win who took a "punch and peck" at my pr winning tribute to Miss Davis' very talents, that my opinion doesn't count



Above, Anne Baxter buys a $100 "Victory Corsage," made of War Savings Stamps and red, white and blue ribbon, at N. Y. Schrafft's store during "white-out" launching nation's "Retailers for Victory" drive for a billion-dollar sale of War Bonds and Stamps.

ch. Nor do the opinions of grocery ·ks, stenographers, physicians, et al. But opinions of other actors and actresses l critics do indeed carry weight. How did Bette Davis twice win the coveted ademy Award? These awards aren't be-wed in a hit-or-miss fashion. Only a at actor or actress is ever awarded one. f Miss Davis should "get mighty tire-ne" to anyone, I strongly advise that son to stay away from all Bette Davis tures. It's advice I practice myself. I n all pictures of an actor or an actress o bores me. That's only sensible.

MISS MELBA BAEHR, Eau Claire, Wis.

Briefly stated, I have a complaint. Why st such remarkable dramatic talent as Henry Fonda be wasted in the light nedies in which he has been cast recently? nen "You Belong to Me" first came ng I merely thought it was a "relief" ture. After "The Male Animal," I began wonder. By the time I saw "Rings On r Fingers," I was thoroughly convinced t my hero of "Jesse James," "Young . Lincoln," and "Drums Along the ohawk," had given up his soul-stirring es for light comedies.

The theater-going public clamors about ped" stars. But, after all, would we lly enjoy seeing Bette Davis in a Laurel d Hardy film, or John Garfield as a iety playboy or Boris Karloff as a kind country farmer? Of course not.

So, please, Mr. Fonda, leave the comedy Benny and Hope and let us see you in type of pictures that made you, and which you are so charmingly "at home."

MISS EVON LUCAS, Baton Rouge, La.

Thank you, Hollywood! Thank you for unforgettable experience! I am sixteen ars old and two weeks ago I saw my very st picture show. I was so excited and filled! You see, until four months ago, I as totally blind.

The picture was "How Green Was My alley." Certainly this film had everything, auty and excitement and tragedy and mor and deep wisdom. And the story was d with such simplicity.

To others, I suppose, this was just an-ner picture, perhaps a little more beauti-lly filmed and a little more wonderfully acted than other pictures they had seen. ut can you imagine what it was to me? think I paid, to delight, my utmost bless-g then. It was as if, by some remarkable irage, life had drawn a little closer. There e no words to tell you what I felt, but want to say thank you.

SYBIL HOPE, Saskatoon, Sask., Can.

Yes, "keep 'em shooting" good cheerful ctures. Civilians, as well as our armed rces, need this diversion to help keep up eir morale. One of the best remedies in e world for an American whose spirits re low, is to attend a "tops" show and t a good laugh. Hollywood's stars can do much performing their best, as they can ving a few pennies. Of course, our armies ed money to keep supplied, but they also ed spirit to keep on. So I say again, "Let's ep 'em shooting real good movies."

MARY JO MYERS, South Bend, Ind.

"Remember the day!" How could I ever rget it? How could any school teacher rget the day when she saw Claudette olbert portray one of our profession as nderstanding, attractive, and, above all, *uman!* We've so long seen ourselves as Miss Ima Fossil" or "Miss Kitty Catt," ith a ruler in one hand and a dunce cap the other, that we're deeply grateful for ch an excellent picture.

HENRIETTA VON, Oklahoma City, Okla.



New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
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NEW THRILL FOR MOVIE FANS!

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The bigger . . . better . . . distinctly NEW screen magazine

First issue at your newsstand September 4. Look for announcement of complete details in the next issue of

SCREENLAND

Is It a Real Romance with Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth?

Continued from page 20

recently?" (Vic now merely signs "Mature" when he gives autographs.)

"No," Mother replied. "Are you connected with movie work?"

That was the last straw! That night by special delivery two tickets arrived addressed to Mother from Victor Mature for his new picture. Mother duly saw him on the screen. She telephoned him: "Really, Mr. Mature, you were wonderful. I can see how the girls will think you are very 'cute.' That is, girls of certain ages," Mother on second thought modestly and hastily amended.

So Mr. Mature was happy again. In just such a frame of mind I found him. He had other reasons to be happy, too. Victor had just joined the Coast Guard.

"I am beginning Coast Guard service immediately, but since I have about ten more days of shooting on my new picture, 'Sweet or Hot,'" Victor said, "I will be permitted to commute from the operating base to the studio to complete the picture. I have already received an Army sweater that some girl has knit 'with her own two little hands'—and a box of fudge and cookies came to the studio to be forwarded to me."

There was no voluntary turn of the conversation to La Hayworth. I was patient, biding my time.

"At first, I had hoped to get a couple more pictures under my belt so that I won't be forgotten when the war is over, and I have two little girls to care for," Victor confided, "but I just couldn't sit back and wait to be drafted. We have a big job on our hands and the country needs every able-bodied man."

The two little girls he was speaking of, he indicated with a glance in the direction of a golden framed portrait on a desk showing Martha Kemp Mature with her two-year-old-daughter, blonde chubby "Mrs. Townsend." Victor adores "Mrs. Townsend," whose father, Hal Kemp, the band-leader, died when she was a few months old.

"'Mrs. Townsend' comes over to see me every morning. She was over today," V tor remarked. (Perhaps this Mature-H worth amour was idle gossip after a "Remember when you first met Marth when we first came to Hollywood a our marriage? I told you then I fel love with 'Mrs. Townsend' before I in love with Martha?"

I remembered. It had been a year Victor proudly invited some of us to new apartment (for which he, who never paid rent before, but slept in te was paying $150 a month) to meet Mar The baby was brought out just before time by her nurse.

"Martha named her 'Mrs. Townsend' cause Nurse worked for a wealthy wo by that name," Victor had explained, dling "Mrs. Townsend" on his lap. "Ev thing we buy for Baby, Nurse disapp ingly says, 'Mrs. Townsend would n buy that for *her* baby! Mrs. Towns had a carriage with balloon tires for baby!'

"Our marriage," Victor said now, really a 40-60 marriage, 40% the baby 60% Martha. I met Martha at a tea Essex House in New York. I was pla the lead with Gertie Lawrence in 'Lad the Dark.' Martha was so tiny—she see like a child. She said she couldn't dinner with me that night because she to go home and see her baby! I was floc

"I asked if I could go with her. I never gone out with a girl who had a —and one who thought more of sa goodnight to a baby than having di with me! When I saw dimpled 'Mrs. To send' I was captivated. She liked me, I began buying out Macy's departm store, sending her toys. I had her r all done over with fleecy lambs on the w paper and big rubber toys. Martha ca every night to thank me and every day send something new. Then I'd go ove see how the baby liked it. Soon I was t at Martha's place—and was merely c muting when necessary to the theater.



Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth, who had been avoiding the well-known night spots when they were out together, began appearing at the popular nighteries just before Vic enlisted in the Coast Guard. Those who saw them say it looked like love all right.

tinée and evening shows. I hadn't had ome for years. The thought of coming ne every night to play with the baby l see Martha was so wonderful that I ked Martha into marrying me.

But a marriage has to have more than sixty percent chance," he said ruefully. ell, they are still the two cutest little ls I know."

At first Victor wore his heart on his eve for Martha. She didn't like Holly-od. I remembered when we'd talk Holly-od and pictures Martha would yawn and k up a magazine. This hurt Victor. His mplete enthusiasm, his every thought and ion is bound up in his career. Soon the ture's were separating and reconciling ry week. Now theirs is a permanent aration leading to an ultimate divorce. ich may be now—or later. "You'll have ask Martha about that," Victor said.

"How do you like this place?" he asked, ncing about the comfortable living room. is my first house in Hollywood. The ng that attracts me is this fireplace."

A big log was burning cheerfully. Holly-od summer evenings are not warm. To contrary a mist comes from the Pacific dusk and settles like fresh dew—invigo-ing, but inspirational for the pleasant rmth of the fire.

"Miss Agnes is calling," the housekeeper errupted. Victor hastily excused him-f. But he couldn't hide the gleam of ex-ed anticipation in his eyes as he left the om to answer the telephone.

"But Rita, sweet," his voice came back, will be quite all right. Believe me it will. u can't stay home forever. You have to out some time. All right, then, I'll call you about eight. We'll have dinner and ke the second show. All right, baby doll. e you in a little while.—Want a posy? An orchid?—Gardenias?—Are you sure? pick one up at Tony's.—No ribbons. at's right. All right, sweetheart. 'Bye w."

Not eavesdropping, but could I help hav-g good hearing? Besides Victor's voice ried from the library into the living om.

"Agnes is Rita Hayworth! Then it *is* e! You *are* going with Rita Hayworth! ou *are* in love! You don't talk to a girl that tone unless you are!" I exclaimed. ictor didn't reply—but his happy smile s a full confession. I can't say I blame n, for Rita is one of the most attractive rls in Hollywood, sweet and feminine, well as being very gorgeous and talented. nd there are dozens of girls in Holly-ood, equally as famous as La Hayworth, ho would trade the tires off their cars to ve and hold Victor's interest.

Victor and Rita have kept their romance d their dates a secret—since they feel th her divorce so new they do not want encourage the gossip rumors. Rumors ying that Rita fell in love with Victor ring the filming of "My Gal Sal." Even d Judson, when Rita's husband, told me, Victor's and Rita's love scenes are—un-lievable. They are so very real. But then ery man who comes near Rita falls in ve with her. She never takes them seri-sly." Ed told me that, perhaps because might have been trying to convince him-lf that his glamorous wife was not actu-ly in love with Victor. As for Rita, she ve interviews daily, refuting any idea at she was less in love with her husband. ut where there's smoke—this time there as fire!

More and more Rita and Victor are ap-aring about Hollywood when they are ast expected. One Saturday night they pped into the Mocambo and you could ve cut the sudden hush with a knife hen they made their entrance. All eyes ocused on the two. They sat down at a all table and smiled back. Soon everyone as smiling back at them. They were

"Sleep your way to Beauty... try my Beauty Nightcap"

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

"THE MORE THE MERRIER!"



. . . as long as they're other women's husbands!". . . says Myra (*Patricia Morison*), Mr. Cugat's (*Ray Milland*) old flame. "After all, life's too long to live it all with one man!"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

A Paramount Picture starring

RAY MILLAND · BETTY FIELD

with

Patricia Morison · Eugene Pallette

Phillip Terry · Leif Erickson · Richard Haydn

Charles Dingle · Cecil Kellaway

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

happy. They didn't dance. Victor has never learned to dance well. "I have no sense of rhythm," he says. "I leap around the floor and am glad when the music stops."

Rita's dearest possession is not diamonds or minks—but a simple gold slave bracelet with an inscription. It is from Victor, a souvenir of their co-starring in "My Gal Sal."

"It's unbelievable the way and how fast things are happening to me," Victor said after we'd changed the subject. What has kept Hollywood guessing I now knew. There was nothing further to be said. The Hayworth-Mature romance is no dream.

Continuing: "Yes, it is true Metro has asked me to make a couple of pictures originally scheduled for Gable. But" [Victor does have moments of modesty] "I guess that's because they have more stories for Gable than he can make."

Never let it be said that Victor Mature is unlike his screen self! That he looks exciting and dashingly romantic and virile—but like too many of today's movie heroes, actually he is a passive fire-and-slippers-home-man, who methodically arrives at the studio each day, works eight hours, returns home, mows the lawn, plants a bed of petunias for relaxation and retires at curfew with a book or a script to read, his only thought that he must arise early in the A.M. to be at the studio! No, never!

Victor is a non-conformist to say the least. But if he were less conventional, less impulsive, less sure of himself, he would not be the young man of conquest, capable of firing the imagination of Miss Jane Public, millions of Jane Publics, and Misses Lana Turner, Carole Landis, Betty Grable, Phyliss Brooks, Rita Hayworth—need we go on?

As for his being "washed up in pictures," it was this way. Victor incurred the wrath of the studio when he failed to appear for work one day and held up production to the tune and cost of $25,000. Further, he was nowhere to be found. What happened: Victor was driving to work when he perchanced to see Michele Morgan afoot along the boulevard. Michele was lonely, homesick, worried, about her family in Nazi-controlled Paris. A few tears flicked down her pretty cheeks. Victor forgot all about the studio. He appointed himself a good-cheer committee of one to cheer up Michele Morgan, a poor little war refugée. It was a beautiful day—a noble intention. While production costs mounted, Victor and Michele drove to the beach—consumed hot dogs and pop and watched the sun set into the west—over the world into the land of the rising sun. The studio was ready to fire Victor. But first they checked on his box office and found he was making so much money for them they raised his salary and ordered more Mature pictures to go into production—rush!

Victor doesn't say so, but I happen to know he contributes a thousand dollars a month for the support of Martha and her baby. Contradictory to Hollywood belief, that Martha inherited a fortune in the estate of her late husband, she is entirely dependent on Victor's earnings. The Kemp estate was left in trust funds, the income of which ended with Martha's remarrying.

There was a time during the first few weeks of their marriage that Victor borrowed far in advance of his salary to surprise Martha with a huge topaz ring and then a bracelet to match. Then a new big gray town car with red leather upholstery, not to mention the expensive plane trips monthly back and forth to New York in the earlier months of their marriage.

"I am so far in debt I'll have to make good," Victor said. Then he was making "Shanghai Gesture"—and Hal Roach was paying him $450 a week, but loaning him to other studios for $4500 a week. "I work all the harder when I have my back to the wall. When things go hard for me it g me more incentive to overcome th make things come my way. Martha is to nice things. I am going to see that has them. For myself I don't care one way or the other. I can still ma studio dressing room my home. Martha is in New York I live right at the studio."

Victor lived in a tent in the back-ya a friend in Hollywood for two years he was trying to get a break. That is known. But the behind-scenes Victor ture is more fascinating than fiction. cially how he got his first break which never been fully reported.

"All he had was a pair of slacks a couple of sweat shirts when he cam my office looking for a job," Ruth B woman casting director at Hal Roach, me rather confidentially. "Victor w come in and drape himself over my and just grin. But he had a certain with him—a certain definite charm appeal that left you with a very pos impression of his personality—a qu that a screen personality must pos Male attraction and magnetism is the we speak of it in the casting departm

"I ordered a test for Victor. I ran i Mr. Roach. To double-check I ran it all of the women clerks and stenograp at the studio. They reported they d think much of him. Then we handled differently. We felt if properly handle personal charm and magnetism w register on the screen. We bought hi wardrobe. Tested him in good clothes then stripped him to the waist for a t test. The women then raved about All Victor needed was the right break

Victor starred with Carole Landis in memorable "One Million B.C." and vately fell in love with Lana Turner. this day he treasures the ivory crucifix gave to him.

Through mutual friends Victor met Whitney, the socialite millionairess horsewoman. Their names were linke the columns. Liz was several years tor's senior. The studio worried. Af the publicity might imply he was b seen with her because of her social posi and her wealth. I assure you this was thest from Victor's mind.

But wisely he is conscious of publ and its major importance to a m career. Victor began dating a numbe the town's most glamorous lovelies. sides, it was fun! For now he had a dred dollars a week coming from Roach with which to pay checks at cambo's and buy gardenias on occasio

Lana's affections went elsewhere. Vi on the rebound discovered Betty Gra They became inseparable. When B went East to do a musical show Vi kept the wires hot. Finally, on her in ence, he went to New York to join where—"Even though I had only made picture, I was a movie star by name. my surprise I was treated like Gable Broadway." Came offers for the G Big Beautiful Hunk of Man rôle in "L in the Dark" and overnight Mature w matinée idol. The Stork Club not only served a ring-side table nightly for Mat they refused to give Mature a check. A thing was on the house as long as he m an appearance there. And then he mar Martha.

"Some people think I just came up s —without any acting experience. But show me any actor of 27 who has appea in 126 plays! I worked in that number ing my years at the Pasadena commu playhouse. Some were drawing-room sentations where the director would in Hollywood celebrities for an eveni entertainment. We would present a without props or a curtain or a stage. moved among the guests, keeping

y in character, which is a terrific test concentration. Especially when your meet Charlie Chaplin's and Norma arer's.

One night I was playing a lead. I had e business about sitting down at a table looking through a book. A girl with rge hat was sitting at the table. When t down by her, as part of my act, I ed at her casually, speaking my lines he while. And I looked right into the of Greta Garbo. It took every effort my part to keep from blowing up in lines. To conceal my natural excite- t of looking at a girl who is a myth a legend. Here was Garbo sitting there ntly watching my performance, less n two feet away. Later in New York she e back-stage to congratulate me—and lled the night in Pasadena."

nlike most Hollywood stars Victor has made himself inapproachable with a f of secretaries and a body guard. He er answers his mail personally or takes armful over to the studio—turns on his rn on a secretary and she will find self working after office hours on Ma- 's mail. When he hears someone wants write a story about him, provided he ws the person, he's as likely to tele- me, as he did in this case, and ask how an help.

ome envious glamor males underesti- e Victor's shrewd showmanship, his n insight into the mechanism of a movie eer. They say, "He is his own press nt."

here was a time when a press agent gned to Victor at his own studio ugged him off as "that conceited jerk." e Valentino, Mature has the faculty of pelling feminine interest and repelling ious males. But once a man knows ture he likes him. This same press agent his most loyal friend today, saying now, ou have to admire the guy's guts, his se of humor, his good nature at taking a bing. Besides he is a helluva poker yer and he can out-box and out-swim guy among us. The guy has brains and s, and he's using them."

Victor has pulled such dillys as appearing h a trio of identically dressed blondes— ndes of the same shade of hair, the ne makeup, at the Brown Derby for ner. It was a gag—Vic's idea of a pub- ty gag. The photographers couldn't ig- e such a quartet. More often he appears ne—the "lone wolf," they say.

However, don't be worried about Victor ng lonely—ever. He and Rita Hayworth as happy as two young beautiful peo- both famous and successful, can be.

"We try to go to the quieter places at sent. Since the tire shortage we even e long walks about Beverly Hills and in the park," Victor confessed. Like er boys and girls the world over. Yet, 're as likely to see him stroll into cambo's with his estranged Martha ature on his arm, as attentive as can be. e next night he'll have Carole Landis d she (Martha) will be with Buddy Sylva or one of Hollywood's other im- rtant men. The Matures' separation is an irely friendly affair. He lives in his use, and she lives in hers, and they ide "Mrs. Townsend" between them— d everyone's happy.

If Victor is so interested in Rita Hay- rth, then why does he date other girls, u may wonder? "I'd love to meet Norma earer," Victor told Columnist Skolsky. was printed in the column and Victor pes it pays to advertise. "I think Norma wonderful," he says.

Victor's intriguingly unpredictable—like e "Vagabond King" in the waltz: "Never to bind me—never hope to know—take e as you find me—love and let me go." at's Victor Mature. And Rita Hay- rth's wisely doing just that!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

"All you ever longed for in a lipstick— and more!" says Constance Luft Huhn

"Exciting color. Perfectly balanced texture... *not too moist,* yet *not too dry.* So smooth it seems to stroke softly on your lips all by itself. So clinging it *really* stays on for hour after hour. Yes...each of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks has these qualities—and something *more:* The softer, glossier sheen of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH!

And when you choose the Tangee shade you like the best, remember that there is a matching rouge and a correct shade of Tangee's *un-*powdery Face Powder to blend harmoniously with it."

TANGEE RED-RED "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All", harmonizes with all fashion colors.
TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...always flattering.
TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH



Above, Bette Davis and Paul Henreid in scene from "Now, Voyager," film adaptation of the Olive Higgins Prouty novel. Right, Jack Benny, whose next starring film is "George Washington Slept Here," poses as Washington next to a portrait of the "Father of Our Country."



LATEST on Clark Gable as we go to press. Clark has not yet been accepted in any branch of Uncle Sam's service. He wants to serve his country but up to this minute there is no foundation for the report that he is already in. However, knowing how much Gable wants to get into the big fight, it may still happen. Meanwhile, his co-starring film with Lana Turner, "Somewhere I'll Find You," is the latest Gable film which may not be his last picture for the duration after all.

DESPITE a series of undeserved disappointments, Franchot Tone still hasn't lost his sense of humor. Recently he met up with Burgess Meredith, who was on leave from camp. "How's Jeanie?" inquired Burgess, Jeanie being Franchot's quite young bride, whom he loves and adores. "Oh, Jeanie's getting along pretty well," answered her husband nonchalantly. "She's cutting her wisdom teeth and still getting parking tickets!"

AT THE finish of "Flying Tigers," the Republic studio gave a party for the cast and crew. John Carroll got up to the microphone and paid great tribute to John Wayne. Said Carroll, "I've made a wonderful friend on this picture. When I go away to war, I won't have to worry. John Wayne is the kind of friend I could leave my little daughter with and I know she'd always be looked out for."

HOLLYWOOD gossips were wrong once again about Deanna Durbin. She isn't expecting the stork. Those baby clothes she was seen purchasing were for her sister's baby. Deanna's sister, brother-in-law and the baby are living with her and keeping her from getting lonesome, while her husband is away serving Uncle Sam. Better luck next time, you super-snoopers!

TEMPORARILY at least, Jane Wyman considers herself a very fortunate young woman. Ronnie Reagan has been transferred from the Cavalry to the personnel department of the Air Corps. He'll be stationed in and around Los Angeles, part of the time. This means that little Maureen can see her daddy occasionally. Janie won't even talk about it. She's that happy and THAT superstitious.

WHEN Adrian severed connections with M-G-M, rumors flew thick and fast that they didn't part the best of friends. To give you an idea how things can be exaggerated, M-G-M, being swamped with work, gave Adrian's shop the commission to make all of Katharine Hepburn's clothes in "Keeper of the Flame." Speaking of Adrian—he has to work over-time to keep up with Norma Shearer who is certainly a walking advertisement for his gorgeous gowns. She buys 'em by the dozen.

NO ONE will ever know what happe to Hedy Lamarr and George M gomery. Some think George was too pos sive. Others, that George loved publicity much to suit Hedy. Anyway, they still each other occasionally. But when H needed an opinion on a new script, called up—John Howard. And John, is a nice, loyal guy, came right over. H is now back in her own home—the h where she and George intended to hor moon. When will Hedy Lamarr find *true* love? Hollywood is asking.

NO ONE ever suspected Mickey Roo of having a bad temper. But M-G- million dollar moppet was fightin' when his separation from Ava Gardner rumored. Mickey put Ava on the tr then went right to Dave Chasen's to with the Ray Millands. He was telling th about his mother-in-law's illness, how m he'd miss Ava, etc., when a morning pa was placed in his hand. There he read he had quarreled with his bride and she gone home to mama. Mickey all but the phone out of the wall getting a traction.

By

Weston East





Dennis Morgan and Ida Lupino, above, as th appear in "The Hard Way." Top, a scene fr the new picture "The Black Swan," with co-stars Maureen O'Hara and Tyrone Pow

Here's Hollywood



ack Carson and Alexis Smith, above, dressed or their rôles in "Gentleman Jim," the Errol lynn starrer which is based on the life of the ate James J. Corbett, world's champion heavy-eight fighter. Right, Marie Windsor, screen ewcomer who plays Jack Benny's dream girl "George Washington Slept Here," got her art by writing gags for Benny in her spare time.

NOTICE to friends of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. The usual invitation to rop by their beach home is out. "We still ove you as much as ever," say Joan and Dick. "But this summer all our spare room s for men in service only!"

AT HEART, Cary Grant was an American citizen long before he was sworn in. Those two hundred thousand dollar donations to the various causes and organizations is proof enough. But now that he is a full-fledged American citizen, Cary is going to enlist. After being sworn in by Judge McCormick, on June 26th, along with three hundred other new Americans, Cary returned to the set of "Once Upon A Honeymoon," film in which he co-stars with Ginger Rogers. On July 8th, he got another day's leave from the studio, drove to Lake Arrowhead, and married Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth millions.

WHEN director Howard Hawks selected Gig Young for "Air Force," it was a big break. Gig was really thrilled. The next day an assistant told him to shave off his moustache. Gig did. Too late, the frantic assistant learned he was supposed to have told John Garfield. Gig was terrified for fear he'd lose the part. In despair he went to Perc Westmore, who whipped up a dreamy little substitute. Even the cameraman was fooled. Gig brushed and massaged and pleaded with his own moustache, every night at home. He was a pretty happy boy when it finally grew out again!



GOING GREAT ON BROADWAY!



LOU HOLTZ, WILLIE HOWARD and PHIL BAKER
—stars of Clifford C. Fisher's "Priorities of 1942".

This gang knows a hit when it has one. That's why Pepsi-Cola's getting the big rush. It tastes better . . . lasts longer . . . gives 'em more for their nickel. That's what you want. That's what Pepsi-Cola gives you.

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

"THEY KEEP ME JUMPING!



says Chuck (*Richard Haydn*), the wolf. "Every time I knock at some sweet little lamb's door, along comes her husband to bust up a beautiful romance!"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

A Paramount Picture starring

RAY MILLAND • BETTY FIELD

with

Patricia Morison • Eugene Pallette

Phillip Terry • Leif Erickson • Richard Haydn

Charles Dingle • Cecil Kellaway

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



Anne Jeffreys, blonde starlet, and Eddie Foy, Jr., have just had a lovers' quarrel in this scene from "Joan of Ozark," Republic's Judy Canova-Joe E. Brown comedy.

NO OFFICIAL announcement has been made, but they say it will be a foreign correspondent's mission that will take Errol Flynn across the sea. You may not suspect the handsome Irishman of being a sentimentalist, but he's looking way ahead in the future. Upstairs in his hilltop home, Errol keeps a room under lock and key. It's a beautifully furnished bedroom suite, feminine in every respect. Someday, if and and when the right girl comes along, as the new Mrs. Errol Flynn she'll have a beautiful place waiting for her.

AS SOON as she can find an apartment in Washington, Loretta Young is going to furnish it and make a home for Major Tom Lewis. Loretta is very much in love with her attractive husband. Now that he's in Washington for the duration, Loretta is going to see him as often as she possibly can. Between taking care of her little girl, fulfilling contract obligations and doing war work, Loretta is one of Hollywood's busiest young matrons.

PEOPLE in Hollywood who think Joan Crawford is a lonely young woman are very much mistaken. Joan can pick and choose her escorts these days. And she does. Members of the stag line include Van Johnson, rumored as June Havoc's "ex," Phil Terry, tall, dark, and unattached, and Jean Pierre Aumont, the current French importation to reach Hollywood. With Joanie they're becoming.

BOB HOPE swears he saw this ad in the personal column of a local newspaper: "Man with tire would like to meet girl with sugar!"

WANTED: Three soldiers, three sailors, three marines! That was the call received at the USO headquarters in Beverly Hills. Imagine the nine lucky fellows' shock when their hostess turned out to be Ginger Rogers. For the first half hour they could only sit on the edge of their chairs and stare at Ginger. Then she turned them loose behind her famous soda fountain. They whipped up chocolate goos and malted what-have-yous. What's more, they ate every drop of it. Ginger was so thrilled at their happiness, after they had gone she had a good cry for herself.

BECAUSE of his sinus trouble, Wal Pidgeon couldn't dunk his handso torso in a river in "White Cargo." So th wrote in a scene where he bathes in barrel. This was just fine with the Ha office—as long as their suggestion th Walter wasn't entirely in the nude was f lowed! So you'll see him climb out weari a pair of shorts. Now everyone's happy e cept the production department. They thirty minutes behind schedule.

THE death of her father, Stanley Lupi was quite a blow to Ida Lupino. Strange enough, before they received the bad nev the little Loopey jumped out of bed in t middle of the night. She ran to the pho and called up her mother. "Something happened to Dad, I know," she sobbed. T next morning the ill-fated cable arriv So grief-stricken was Ida, she finished h current picture with a nurse in attendan

STRANGE indeed are the ways of Holl wood. Recently, a national magazi printed a story on Olivia de Havilland a Joan Fontaine that hurt the sisters deepl They have never denied the disagreemen that all young girls have, growing in womanhood. But since the article appeare by trying to console each other, Joan a Olivia have been brought closer togeth than they've ever been in their lives. It's ill wind—yes?

HOLLYWOOD Stork Club: Litt Daphne, daughter of Douglas Fai banks, Jr., is expecting a little playmat this fall. Daddy Douglas is still seein active service at sea. . . . If it's a bo Rochester will name him Jack. A girl, Ja queline. Named after bossman Jack Benn of course. . . . It's a colleen that's e pected by Maureen O'Sullivan and Joh Farrow. Sure an' another boy'll be welcon too. . . . The "champ" arrives at the Ma Baer home, come September. . . . It's r tirement for Brenda Joyce while she an Lieut. Owen Ward await orders fro Capt. Stork. . . . Dana Andrews is lookin forward to the great day. Junior arrive this winter. . . . After nine years of mar riage, John Beal and Helen Craig Beal ar thinking in terms of three. Expectant fathe doing as well as can be expected under ex isting conditions!

HARLIE McCARTHY walks! Charlie McCarthy runs! You'll see him doing right before your very own eyes, in his xt picture. They've discovered a real sh and blood midget who is just the ape and size of Charlie. So the *midget's* ing to do all the doubling for Edgar rgen's animated block of wood. Where, where, could it happen BUT in the vies!

VOMEN certainly *can* play a great part in the war of today as Arleen halen and Kathryn Grayson proved anew hen they called off their respective divorce ans. Arleen is married to Alex D'Arcy, athryn to John Shelton. When the girls arned their men had enlisted, they had a hange of heart. Now their men have gone f to war with added courage and inspira-on.

ETTE DAVIS is fighting mad. Ordi-narily she never pays any attention to ollywood gossip. As Bette puts it, "It's art of the game." But in face of what's *ally* going on in the world today, Bette onders what type of person would start rumor that she and Arthur Farnsworth re feuding. Bette has never been happier. n these times for anyone to concentrate n gossip, especially when it's made up, is pretty cheap trick.

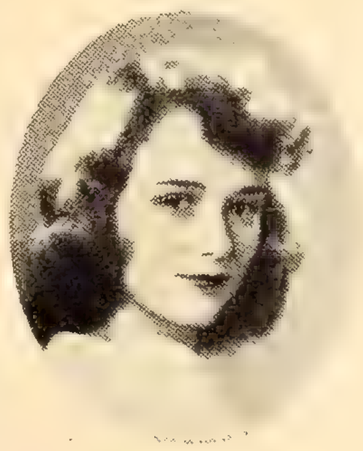
ACCORDING to Jack Benny, and he should know, the three most regular irls he has ever worked with are Ann heridan, Barbara Stanwyck, and the be-ved Carole Lombard. Come to think of , there's a great similarity between these hree types. Carole was perhaps the most onest and down-to-earth of the three amed. Jack can't talk about her without etting tears in his eyes.



Anne Jeffreys was signed to a film contract because of her singing, but her first rôle, in "Joan of Ozark," called for her to dance, not sing. Anne got busy and took dancing lessons.



This is how lovely Arthur Murray Dancer looks "in action" to high-speed camera



Jean Kern enchants partners the year round with her dream-girl daintiness and charm.

. . . Flower Fresh— the Arthur Murray Way

• Plenty of rhythm, plenty of charm—that's what Arthur Murray dancers are made of! Their jobs depend on their charm. And *they* depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness.

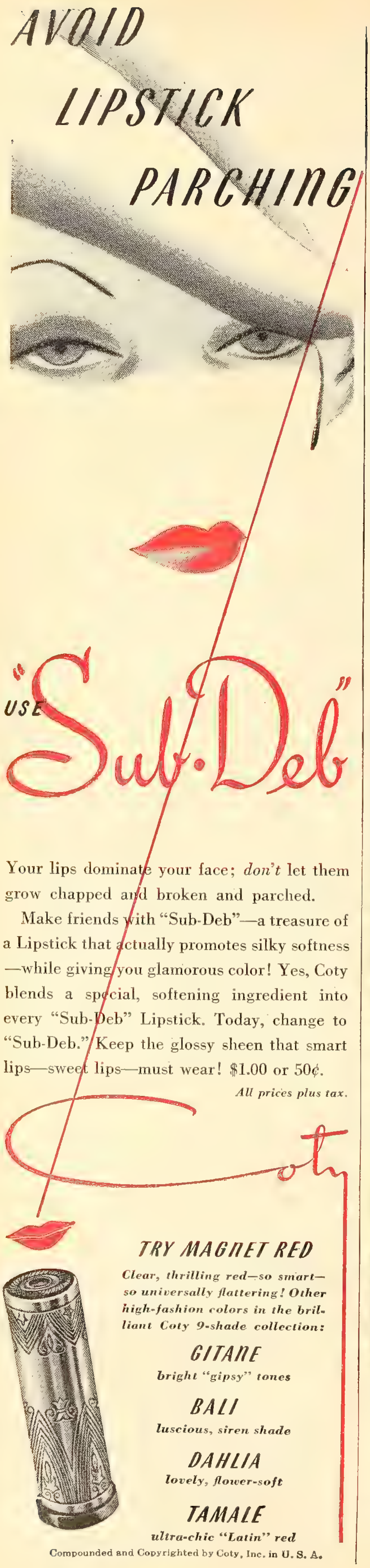
We think *you'll* be just as enthusiastic as they are. Non-greasy, non-gritty, smooth as satin—Odorono Cream stops perspiration safely up to 3 days! Won't irritate skin or rot dresses; no waiting to dry—just follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York



Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

Odorono Cream WILL NOT IRRITATE your Skin



"USE Sub-Deb"

Your lips dominate your face; *don't* let them grow chapped and broken and parched.

Make friends with "Sub-Deb"—a treasure of a Lipstick that actually promotes silky softness—while giving you glamorous color! Yes, Coty blends a special, softening ingredient into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. Today, change to "Sub-Deb." Keep the glossy sheen that smart lips—sweet lips—must wear! $1.00 or 50¢.

All prices plus tax.

Coty

TRY MAGNET RED

Clear, thrilling red—so smart—so universally flattering! Other high-fashion colors in the brilliant Coty 9-shade collection:

GITANE
bright "gipsy" tones

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luscious, siren shade

DAHLIA
lovely, flower-soft

TAMALE
ultra-chic "Latin" red

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Has Madeleine Carroll Quit the Screen for Love?

Continued from page 34

Why, she's at the peak of her success. She isn't just Bob Hope's favorite blonde; she is America's favorite blonde. She can ask, and get, $125,000 a picture. It doesn't make sense that any human being would deliberately toss aside fame and public acclaim and riches.

So Hollywood said, cynically, when Stirling Hayden went through the motions of tossing them aside. Hollywood thought he was pulling something new in publicity stunts, or else trying to scare the Front Office into giving him a bigger, better contract. But Stirling proved that he wasn't bluffing. He actually exchanged the life of a movie star for the life of a first-class seaman—on the grounds that he could be happier as a seaman.

In all movie history, no star had ever displayed such discontent with the life of a star. It was difficult for Hollywood to understand The Strange Case of Stirling Hayden. Hollywood finally decided: "Well, he didn't become an actor because he had the urge to act, and he didn't stick around long enough for acting to get in his blood. Also, he didn't have to struggle for his success; t was handed to him on a platter —so he didn't appreciate it."

When word circulates that Madeleine Carroll has likewise quit pictures, at least for some time to come, Hollywood won believe it at first because:

She has always departed Hollywood be tween pictures. But she has been in sho business long enough for acting to be in he blood. She has worked hard for her suc cess.

The longer she stays away, however, th more it will become apparent that she in tends to stay away longer, the more Holly wood will wonder if she *has* walked out o her career.

Whereupon, we predict, Hollywood wi say that she would still be acting if sh hadn't fallen in love with a man who hate acting.

We predict that, because that will be th most romantic explanation for her exile— and because Hollywood doesn't kno Madeleine Carroll.

When she came to town in 1934, press agents introduced her as The World' Most Beautiful Blonde. They figured tha would stimulate interest in her, and it did Especially when people discovered that sh wasn't a typical Hollywood blonde. Sh wasn't an exotic exhibitionist.

That's a large part of the secret of he popularity. Unlike most beauties, she ha never shown a phobia for attracting atten tion. She has lived quietly while working



When Roy Rogers went on a combined war bond and personal appearance tour with his horse, recently, he broke theater records. Roy, whose next western for Republic is "Sons of the Pioneers," is shown riding "Trigger" in the New York At War parade.

and quietly disappeared to another part of the world when not working. She has never been conspicuous in café society—off-screen. She has avoided night clubs, resorts and other haunts of publicity-seekers. She has never posed for undraped art. She has never given sensational interviews. She has never tried to be a blonde bombshell.

When a woman has allure, and doesn't flaunt it, she's bound to win a reputation for naturalness and sincerity. At the same time, however, she's bound to baffle a town where beauty and charm are associated with spectacular come-hither. So Hollywood, trying to explain Madeleine, has tagged her as "the reserved English type."

Most people know that her real name isn't Carroll; it's O'Carroll. But few people have taken proper notice of the fact that "O'Carroll" is Irish, and "Madeleine" is French. She was born in England, which makes her English, if you want to be technical. But her father is Irish, and her mother is French, and that makes Madeleine a combination of French and Irish. It's difficult to imagine a more volatile combination. *Scarlett O'Hara,* if you remember, was a mixture of French and Irish.

All of us are what our backgrounds have made us. But Hollywood knows little about Madeleine's background—except that she grew up in an intelligent atmosphere (she was a professor's daughter), won a B. A. degree from Birmingham University at the phenomenal age of 17, taught briefly in a girls' school, then went on the stage. Few screen beauties have any pretensions to book-learning, so Hollywood has seized on Madeleine's education as a further explanation why she isn't a sizzling siren. She has been explained away as "the intellectual type." As if a beauty couldn't be intellectual and be sizzling, too—if she chose!

It has never occurred to Hollywood to inquire what Madeleine studied in college. Or what her father and mother were like, or what she went through in her formative years, or what she decided she wanted from life before she decided to become an actress. Consequently, Hollywood doesn't know Madeleine Carroll.

If she has temporarily given up acting, it isn't because she's under the domination of Stirling Hayden. She's one woman who will never be dominated by any man—no matter how much she loves him.

She started demonstrating that almost as soon as she reached womanhood. At the age of 18, she walked out of her father's house, because he was still trying to dictate her life. When Professor O'Carroll set out to teach his daughter to think for herself, he didn't anticipate the ironic outcome. He neglected to take into account the fact that she was half-Irish, and that once she knew how to think for herself, she would think in terms of independence.

In another way, too, Professor O'Carroll unconsciously gave her an insatiable urge for independence. A very serious man, a scholar, completely absorbed in books, he demanded a subdued, quiet atmosphere in his home—so that he could concentrate. Madeleine never felt free to give vent to her impulses spontaneously, exuberantly. It might disturb Father. She lived for the day when she could do what she wanted to do.

The professor's subdued wife sympathized with her high-spirited, pent-up daughter. But, a true Frenchwoman, she was a realist. She said to Madeleine, "It takes money in this world to do what you want to do—and there is no chance of your

When you go to the movies don't forget to buy your War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

"Perfectly Mated...*and Perfectly Miserable*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Everyone called us "the ideal couple." At first, we *were* . . . ideally happy. But gradually, Chet neglected me . . . more and more. I was miserable . . .



2. One morning, my chum found me crying. I didn't want to, but she made me tell my troubles. Then . . . "Little silly," she scolded, "it's happened often. The loveliest girl can lose her husband if she's guilty of one neglect. Carelessness about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)." Then she explained . . .



3. "My doctor," she told me, "recommends Lysol disinfectant—and here's why. Lysol cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, too. Yet it's so gentle it won't harm sensitive tissues—just use it according to the easy directions on the Lysol bottle. Generations of women have used Lysol for personal hygiene."



4. Thanks to her, I use Lysol regularly. It is *so* easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Chet and I are ideally happy, once more! More women ought to know about Lysol disinfectant.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S-942, Address Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Glamorous Hair helps Sue get her Man



ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought . . .



COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinsing after every shampoo". That very night . . .



SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today . . .



A HAPPY BRIDE says "*thanks*" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. *And here's something* **else** *that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo* **BEFORE** *and Nestle Superset* **AFTER** *Colorinsing."*

Buy DEFENSE STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store



10¢ & 25¢ sizes

ever having money. No, you will have to find happiness some other way. Be as useful as you can, try to make as many people happy as you can." And, like a true Frenchwoman, she added, "if you have charm, you will never be alone in the world, never be friendless."

Constantly, in hundreds of little ways, she gave Madeleine lessons in charm—until it became second nature for Madeleine, always an apt pupil, to be artlessly attractive and pleasant to know. She couldn't help being aware that she was pretty; people were always telling her. A few flattering adults even said that she was pretty enough to be in the movies. She had wild dreams sometimes about becoming an actress and earning so much money that she could do anything she pleased.

Then the girl grew older and went to college and had to start thinking seriously about what she would do with her life. Her father assumed—and so did she, at first—that she would follow in his footsteps and teach. With that in mind, she majored in languages, history and psychology. It was history that changed her mind. Studying the past, she learned who were the most memorable women who had ever lived. They were women capable of influencing men in high places. Women who were shrewd, subtle diplomats. And the more she thought about those women, the more she envied them their dramatic lives, their usefulness to the world. She began to have wild dreams about becoming a woman capable of charming, and influencing, great statesmen.

Years later, she told all this to someone very close to her, who has since told us. At the time, she told no one.

How could she ever crash high society? No one in the world would be less likely to interest rulers of state than a schoolteacher in the provinces. And she wouldn't have seen any way to avoid being a provincial schoolteacher if she hadn't been drafted—with horrible misgivings—to play the lead in a college show. She gave exactly one performance. But that one performance opened her deep-blue eyes.

On the campus, people who had never noticed her before suddenly seemed conscious of her. And she suddenly saw a possible way to penetrate the consciousness of men who were leaders, men likely to make history. If she could become an actress—a famous actress, a star—they couldn't help noticing her. Especially if she had qualities that set her apart from other actresses. Qualities that made her a lady of quality. Also, she would have wealth. That in itself, if she had charm, would make her socially acceptable in the highest circles. And gloriously independent. And immune to masculine domination. She didn't overlook those angles. She didn't have an uncontrollable desire to act. She thought of acting simply as a means to an end—the end being wealth, independence and, most of all, influence.

Madeleine wasn't dismayed by the thought that she knew nothing about acting and that she might be letting herself in for years of struggle. She had never been afraid of studying, and she had always been an apt pupil, and she was young. She was willing to go through ten years of struggle, if she reached her goal in the end.

She didn't tell anyone her colossal ambition. After graduation, as expected, she found a teaching position. The pay was pitiful, but she scrimped and saved, and after a few months she had a few pounds together. With that, she took the big plunge. She went to London to see some theatrical agents. She says, herself, that she had phenomenal luck for a beginner. She's too modest. She had phenomenal beauty and charm and intelligence. One entranced manager after another gave h jobs. In two years, she was well-kno on both the London stage and the Engli screen and, in addition, had made pictu in France and Germany. (It wasn't eve English actress who could speak Fren and German fluently.) Already, she h admirers in high society, both in Lond and on the Continent.

She fell in love with the most cosm politan of the lot—Philip Astley, scion one of England's oldest families. Th were married in Italy, honeymooned France, and settled down in Mayfair. A life promised to be carefree, and co fortable, and amusing.

But being a shining light in Mayfa wasn't enough. Being "Philip Astle charming wife" wasn't enough. Madelei had to become Somebody in her own rig Somebody who might be of some use the world—some day. That ambition w so intense that it was unquenchable. S told her husband, "I'll always feel as I ought to be doing something. For eigh een years, I wasn't allowed to do an thing." So he "allowed" her to go on wi her career. And lost her. He would ha lost her sooner if he had stood in her wa

It wasn't success as an actress that s wanted, however. It was success as woman. That's something that Hollywo has never realized about Madeleine Carro And neither has Hollywood ever realiz how carefully she planned, from the begi ning, for something more than stardom.

It wasn't any accident that she becar identified with inspirational heroines, mo than any other actress on the screen. S planned it that way. For years, s wouldn't consider any other kind of rôl She wanted people to think of her as inspiring woman. When she finally decid to make an occasional comedy, it was kill a growing impression that, while s was beautiful and charming and intel gent, she lacked some of the warmer qua ties. She was smart enough to know th proof of a sense of humor would remo that impression.

She knew in advance that Hollywo would think she was "aloof" if she liv quietly, didn't mingle with the mov crowd, and didn't flit from night club night club. But she also knew in advan that the rest of the world would think correctly—that her big interests in li weren't in Hollywood. Particularly if s never stayed around between pictures.

Doing all that traveling abroad, s wasn't merely giving vent to Irish wande lust. She was getting across the idea th she was a woman of the world. And, i cidentally, every time she went abroa she met more important diplomats.

If she had been primarily interest in sensational screen success, she wou have tried to be a blonde bombshell. B she was looking beyond the immedia future to the far horizon—to a world f from Hollywood. In that world, the wor of international diplomacy, only a woma with subtle charm could be a success.

Two years ago, she tipped off the wor to the fact that acting was not her co suming interest in life—but the wor overlooked the tip. She said, in an inte view, "I do not plan to act more than tw or three years longer. I'll then have save enough to live on, and I want to do diplo matic work. No, nothing glamorous, lik spy work. Hard, practical service, an



BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

here, in the interest of peace."

She had visions of living in France. She ad many powerful friends there, and she wned a chateau near Paris, and she was love with—and hoped to marry, after e war—a young French flier, Lieut. ichard de la Roziere. Then suddenly the ermans broke through the "impregnable" aginot Line, threatened Paris. The man e loved was Somewhere in France. To near him, to inspire him, to marry him there still was time, Madeleine flew to urope. She reached the French border the day that Paris fell. She couldn't any further. She couldn't learn any ews about her lieutenant. Desperately, y after day, she tried. Then came the gonizing day when France collapsed. She ad to leave, or be interned. She had to back to America to make a picture, ithout knowing what had happened to e man she loved.

A few days after her return, she finally arned that Lieut. de la Roziere was safe North Africa. But no one will ever alize the amount of will power it took r Madeleine to go on acting.

In December, the lieutenant was to arve in America, and there was to be a edding. But, almost on the eve of his rival, Madeleine received word that her ly sister had been killed by a bomb in ondon. Acting became harder for her.

"They tell me I'm doing my duty, conibuting all this money in taxes, and that m helping morale, making pictures," she id, "but I feel so *useless*, working at ake-believe in a world gone mad."

Madeleine was still in mourning for her ster when the lieutenant's permit to stay this country expired. He went to Eastn Canada to ferry bombers to England. he had to stay in Hollywood.

Lonely, heart-sick, aching to be doing mething more important than acting, she und herself in "Bahama Passage" with tirling Hayden. They had worked toether before, in "Virginia," and had beme casual friends. But now, thrown toether in closer association, they discovered at they were kindred souls. The lieunant, somehow, became a forgotten man.

What drew Madeleine and Stirling toether was the discovery that Hollywood asn't necessary to either of them. And oney and fame didn't mean anything, if ey couldn't look ahead to living a satisfyg life. And acting wasn't their idea of satisfying life. Especially during a war.

When he walked out on a job as a movie ar, to try to get a job as a sailor, there as only one person in Hollywood who dn't think Stirling Hayden was crazy. hat was Madeleine Carroll. Who could ave tried to influence him to stay, but ncouraged him to go.

Few people know that she had a trained urse with her on the set during her last cture, "My favorite Blonde"—she was at close to a nervous breakdown. The usiness of acting had become that difficult.

Now she had walked out, too—"to take year's rest." Rumors that she and Stirng were secretly married, that Madeleine as living with his mother in a house in onnecticut while her husband was sailing e high seas for Uncle Sam, flew thick and st. The secret marriage was confirmed ly 1st. These romantic real-life lovers had en married for three months and Stirling nally made an announcement of the fact om Nassau, Bahamas, when Madeleine rrived there to visit him while his schoonr was being overhauled. Apparently it is ncle Sam who will be Hayden's boss for e duration. As for Madeleine—she is carying out the idea that she has had all her dult life. Namely, that the greatest destiny woman can have is to be an inspiration a man capable of being a leader. And er husband is all of that.

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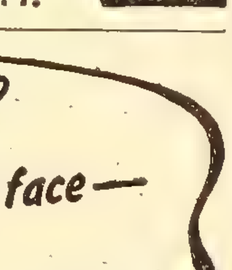
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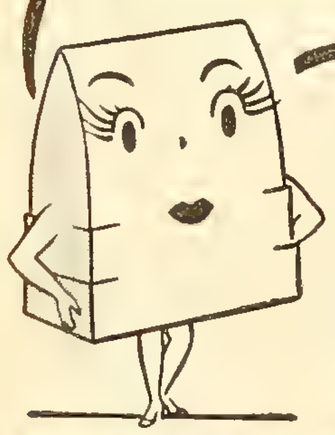
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Continued from page 31

on the distaff side and became Bamour (she had to start them all with "B" and this one had the cutest neckline). The fifth one is still a problem.

"But why all 'B's'?" Monsieur Bosquet asked.

"Because they're all such little honeys," said Dona, blandly. "See? Honey B's."

"Awk!" said M. Bosquet, sitting down heavily and clutching at his cravat.

Some ill-advised bystander wanted to know what the mother's name was.

"Jackie," the Bounding Brunette said.

"And the father?" said Straight Man Bosquet, grimly.

"Toots—I think," Dona said.

The amazing Dona Drake has two key words in her vocabulary. They are "period" and "wiggle." Around them revolve a melange of chatter that is as unique as the background of Paramount's abbreviated bombshell. When she makes a statement, she invariably ends it with "period." She says, "I have a house on the side of a hill with a rumpus room, a kitchen and a bedroom, period." Not a period bedroom. Just a bedroom, period. She doesn't talk about her boy friend for publication. She says, "I'll talk about my work, and my past and my future, but I don't talk about my private life, period."

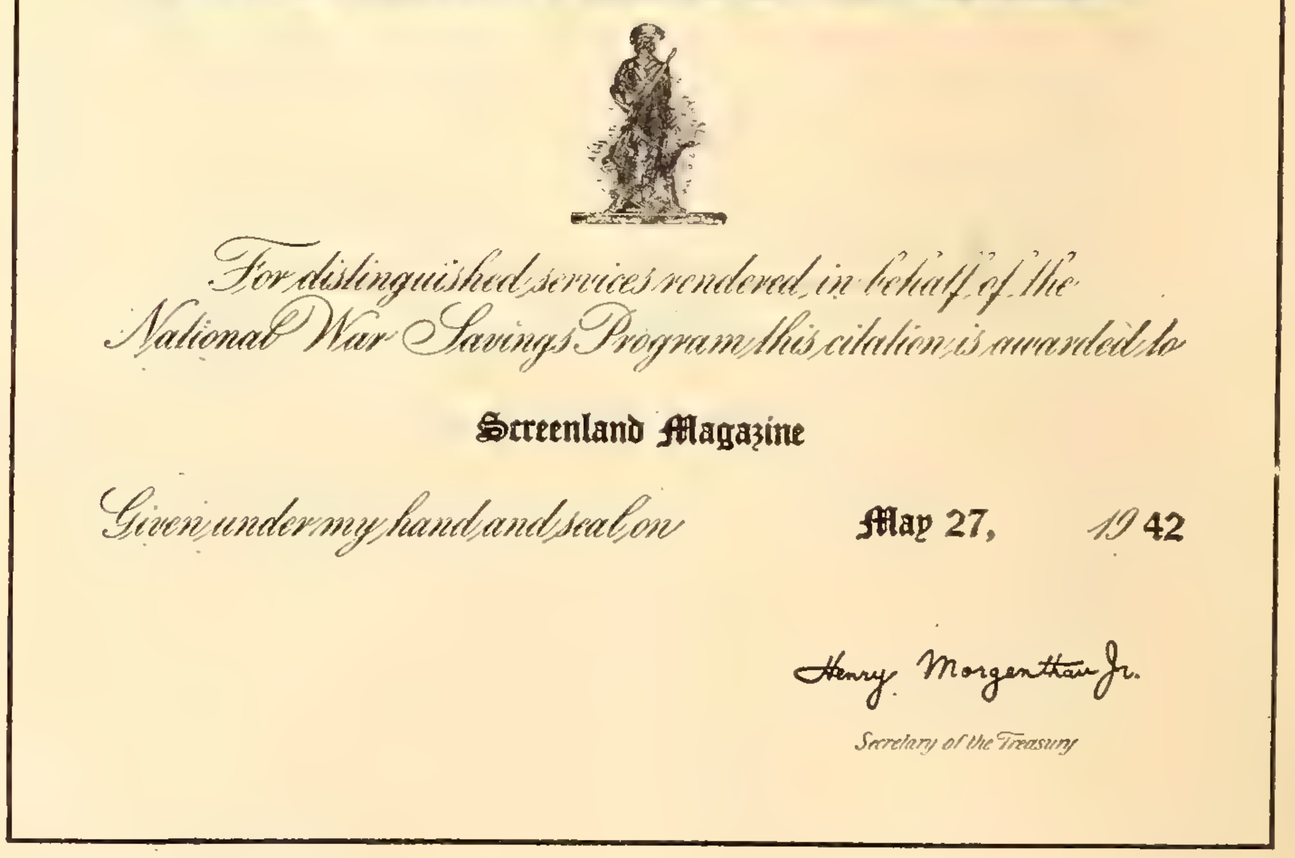
She never dances. She does a wiggle. She doesn't even play bits, or parts, in pictures. "I've got a wiggle in a new show, starting in ten days," she says, referring to her next picture. She didn't dance in the line in N.T.G.'s Hollywood Restaurant in New York. She and her sister, Renee, who is also five feet, even, did the end wiggles. She made her picture hit with a wiggle in "Louisiana Purchase." Those who saw the picture would have said that she sang the theme song, almost disintegrating her audiences in the doing, but she called it a wiggle. She also appeared in the bedroom sequence with Victor Moore, the Tiny Typhoon aiding and abetting her in this, but whereas Phyllis did a bit, Dona did a wiggle. It was all just one big, glorious wiggle, she says, wiggling.

She's had a career that sounds like something out of a book on how not raise your daughter. She was born U Novella in Mexico City of a Mexic father and an Irish mother. When she w two, her family moved to Philadelphia a settled on the south side there, which also doing it the hard way. The south si of Philadelphia is, by and large, about difficult a place to rear two pretty, hea strong daughters as a snooker pool en porium. In this environment, she learned stand squarely on her two tiny feet. S didn't have to learn to dance on them. Th came natural. As time went on and s fought her way through the melting p she developed a fearlessness that is not ing short of inspirational. The man has yet been born who could either hoodwi or bluff her. As proof, witness the fact th she walked into Hollywood uninvite wrote her ticket at four hundred dollars week—and got it.

She got into show business because Ren was in it. Renee applied personally N.T.G. for a job when he showed a trou in Philadelphia, returning to New Yo with him. She told herself that if Ren could do it, she could do it, too, so s went to New York without taking leave her family and the second night on Broa way she was wiggling at the end of t Hollyood Restaurant line.

Because little matters such as the s quence in which members of her famil arrived in this world are too trivial for h notice, she isn't certain whether she older than Renee or not, even though s was fourteen when she joined the N.T.G show. "But I'm the solid one," she say If this sounds slightly goofy, pass it off o the premise that she's speaking muscu larly because invariably she gets around t showing you her muscles after which yo tear up her telephone number, which you surreptitiously acquired, and shift you affections back to Miss Hedy Lamarr.

She abandoned the Una Novella whe she joined N.T.G., becoming Rita Ric which is doing things backward, too. Unde this name she became a baby band leade continuing for three years to direct th



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nit while her closest pal (and now her ecretary), Orrel Johnson, handled the usiness. She plays four instruments in the ollowing order: piano, passably; trom-one, stinkeroo; trumpet, elegant; fiddle, ubiously.

She quit the band business because, she aid, Hollywood players came on for per-onal appearances and got all the money whereas she, doing all the work, collected omparative goobers. Full of indignation nd high resolve, she headed for Hollywood etermined to get a screen name and de-and large sums for personal appearances, oo. How well she succeeded is rapidly be-oming history.

She never drinks or smokes and never ses any make-up except lipstick. She's ever been inside a beauty parlor and never xpects to be, unless you want to be cap-ious and call the studio make-up booths eauty parlors. At that, they almost have o lasso her to get her into these. Her lue-black, naturally curly hair, dark skin nd snapping black eyes require no beauty reatments, nor does her firm, muscular five eet of female figure.

When she becomes rich she intends to uild a house of her own. In addition to the ymnasium and frigidaire in the bedroom lready mentioned, she intends to have a eparate apartment for her livestock, cur-ently consisting of the six cockers, the two iamese cats and the fourteen rabbits. She oesn't intend to give away or sell any of er puppies. Asked if the same decision eld good with the rabbits, she looked a ttle dubious.

She does her own cooking, refusing to ire a maid, and is always on the prowl or recipes. She never goes to night clubs, xclaiming that she got all she wanted of hese places when she was an entertainer in hem. Instead, she plays the out-and-out ive joints and considers the boardwalk at enice the top strata of West Coast so-iety.

She plays tennis, rides horseback, swims nd actually dons the boxing gloves with er boy friend. She has refused to reveal is name, but did refer to him as Tom, so we're going to scout around Hollywood nd the first eligible we see named Tom wearing a couple of black eyes and a tin ar, we'll couple with her.

She lives alone in a hillside house in tone Canyon. "Sure I'm afraid," she says, when asked about living alone. "I'm afraid f what might happen to some prowler who ries to annoy me. I live in mortal fear of aving to face a manslaughter charge."

Someone discovered that Marjorie was wearing a sinister-looking bandage on her ight index finger and wanted to know ow come.

"I cut my finger on a broken glass," she aid.

"I cut my finger once, on a train," Phyllis aid.

"How could you cut your finger on a rain?" demanded Betty.

"I was sharpening a pencil and the knife lipped and I cut my finger," explained the Tiny Typhoon.

"But you said you cut it on a train," the Blonde Blitz argued.

"Sure," said the T. T. "I was riding on a rain when the knife slipped. We went round a curve, or something."

Someone brought M. Bosquet a sniff of mmonia as attention turned to the Tiny Typhoon. There may be child stars in Hollywood who are shorter and weigh less han Phyllis Ruth, but they'll still grow. Obviously Buddy de Sylva's ninety-six ound package won't. She's twenty now nd she says she hasn't grown an inch since he was fourteen. She even weighs less han she did then.

"How come?" said the intrepid M. Bosquet.

"I don't know," says Phyllis. "Maybe it's because I wore more clothes at that time."

Phyllis has no delusions about dramatic acting. She believes she was cut out for comedy. A lot of people, after listening to her conversation, are inclined to agree with her. Round-faced, button-nosed, with a remarkable ability to blush, she got into the movies when she was picked, out of a line of a score of possibilities, for a small comedy rôle opposite Eddie Bracken in Bob Hope's "Caught In The Draft." She moved up with her bit in "Louisiana Purchase" and now Paramount is certain there's a top-flight laugh-getter in their midst.

Phyllis is one of the few native daughters in pictures, having been born Phyllis Ruth Stelzner in Pasadena. Later the family moved to Los Angeles and, as did Marjorie Reynolds, she went to Los Angeles High and was duly graduated. Immediately after this epochal event, she took up a career of applying a high gloss to the benches in casting offices and continued it successfully until, through comedian Bert Wheeler, she got her chance in "Caught In The Draft."

Phyllis lives with her mother and sister in Westwood. Astonishingly enough (she's generally astonishing), she's a fine golfer. There are reports from the Lakeside Club, where she plays, that she hits a long tee shot, sometimes almost keeping pace with her radio announcer hubby, Truman Bradley, who is six feet two, a low handicap player, and numerous other things highly attractive to Phyllis, including the announcer of the Red Skelton show.

In the midst of recording the highlights of Phyllis Ruth, there developed a disturbance from the direction of Miss Betty Hutton. It was claimed, but not entirely established, that Betty had been sitting still for ninety seconds which would have, had it been verified, constituted an all-time record for the Ispheming Igorrote.

"Listen, Kitten," said she, "I've got a fittin'."

She looked suddenly startled, snapped her fingers and clapped her hands while tossing her platinum ringlets wildly. "How about that?" said she. "Sounds like a beat:

"Listen, Kitten,
"I've got a fittin' . . . Beeden-boden,
rack-a-ma-taz."

"Stop!" shouted M. Bosquet. "You're slaying me."

As a matter of fact, she did have an appointment for a fitting. The wardrobe chief, luckless wight, was going to try to get something around her hundred and ten pounds of delectable curves. Since her arrival at Paramount for "The Fleet's In" it has been an almost daily occurrence for some hapless artist from the styling room to rush screaming into God's good air, throwing his ten fingers at the heavens and yodelling, "Will somebody hold her? Will someone sit on her? Is there no justice? Why should SHE have to happen to me? What have I done?"

It's usually obvious what he has done. He's tried to give Betty Hutton a fittin', Kitten. He hasn't, because she can never stand still long enough. As for sittin', that's out entirely. Betty doesn't sit in chairs. She occupies them. She's over them, under them, wrapped around them, suspended by some mysterious, but fidgety levitation above them, everything but sitting in them. If there's a desk near the chair, three quarters of her probably will be spilling over it—and you can take our word for it, it'll be a very neat three quarters, too, regardless of which three quarters it is.

Betty is a platinum blonde of the type that has ringlets dancing above her white brow. She wears no hairpins because it would be a waste of time to put them in her fur. They wouldn't stay. She sometimes starts out the day with a bit of ribbon, but





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that flies out, too. Her skin is so pale it's almost chalky. Although she's curvaceous, her lack of coloring gives her an almost anaemic look, causing one to wonder where she finds the devastating energy she puts into whatever she does, from singing and dancing to talking and eating.

There's practically no sense in trying to catch the Hutton entity with one word. If you take a chance on being called stilted and say she's galvanic, you'll come about as close as possible in our limited tongue. No one at Paramount, or elsewhere, has ever caught her without a smile on her wide, red slash of a mouth. Not only does she smile with her mouth, she smiles with her eyes, ears, nose and throat. She even smiles with her slim, silken shoulders, probably with her feet. All the world is pleasant, and amusing, to her. To feel glum in her presence would be something of a feat. No one has yet been caught who could do it.

The problem of containing her on the screen was a serious one for Paramount. Film is a highly inflammable article and it also has its limitations in registration. The ardor and zeal that is the essence of La Hutton isn't merely a matter of gyrations or decibels. It isn't all visual and it isn't all audible. You have to be within the feel of it to catch it. For that reason, while she's done well in radio, the ether audiences haven't yet begun to really appreciate, or know, her.

Neither did the movie patrons get the full benefit of her in "The Fleet's In." She twists, staggers, tosses her head, swings, punches, bumps, grimaces, claps her hands and leaps up and down, but still it isn't Hutton because the celluloid hasn't been developed that can catch her as she really is. She's definitely on the will power side of entertainment, but with her it's as natural as breathing. She couldn't repress it if she faced a firing squad.

You wouldn't call the Blonde Blitz pretty. She isn't. Her small face is on the plain side, or would be if it weren't constantly lighted up, like a Christmas tree. We are told by members of her family who have had an opportunity to do some research in the matter that she sleeps with a wide grin on her visage. Admitting her lack of beauty (which she finds amusing), she says she was downright homely when a kid back in Michigan.

"I had the darndest freckles and a set of buck teeth that stood out like the keys on a harpsichord," she says. "I wore braces, too. In fact, I was eighteen years old before I knew pumpkin pie and potatoes tasted different. Everything tasted like a bronze jug to me."

She began knocking the brains out of popular songs for pay when she was twelve years old. Two years later, after having spread nervous prostration over a triangular segment of Michigan running from Lansing to Battle Creek and thence to Detroit, she packed her belongings and invaded New York and announced to Broadway that she was on hand with something new, different, and terrific. Wherever she went, she says, the big shots promptly asked her how old she was.

"I always said I was twenty-one," she says.

"And what did they say?" she was asked.

"They said 'Haw!' and told me to go home and wash my face," she admits.

"And what did you do?"

"I went home," she says, "but I'm darned if I washed my face. They couldn't scare *me.*"

Back home, she unpacked her bag, then packed it right back up again and trekked off to Detroit with Vincent Lopez's band. She sang in the Fox theater in Detroit with Lopez and managers began bombarding Lopez with wires to get his band and his Silver Cyclone to New York as soon as possible. Back on Broadway she bega wrecking night clubs without hesitation ar the next thing she knew she was "Panama Hattie" and her reputation—a her place in the important money—w secure.

Betty lives with her parents and h sister, Marion, in Hollywood. She hasn had to make much change in her nam having been born Elizabeth Hutton. H sister, who is a band singer and a good on is known as the quiet one. Betty has ofte tried to teach her how to fling a song rigl down the customers' throats, but Mario adheres to insinuating, rather than th blasting technic.

Betty suddenly took off for her fittin As she debouched from the Paramount re taurant and made for the wardrobe depar ment, there was evidence of great activit in the wardrobe building and fitters bega pouring out doors, windows and transom They all love the Blonde Blitz (we def anyone to meet her and not do the same but they love their sanity, too.

The Hutton departed at the beginnin of a unique discussion. It was discovere that Marjorie is sometimes brunette, some times blonde, sometimes a semi-Titian, de pending upon the exigencies of scrip Phyllis wanted to know whether she rather be blonde or brunette.

"I feel better when I'm a blonde," sai Marjorie. "I'm a little more carefree. Bein brunette makes me serious."

"I'm serious," said the blonde Phyllis "Very serious."

"You're serious about that radio an nouncer," Dona challenged.

Phyllis knitted her brows in giving th matter some thought. Then she nodde slowly. "I'm serious, anyway," she in sisted. "I'm very serious about my career And if I had all the money I wanted th first thing I'd do would be to buy a hous and pay cash for it. That's serious, isn't it?"

"Serious?" said Marjorie. "That's prac tically a calamity. But I always feel bette when I'm a blonde."

"I'm a brunette and I always feel good," Dona announced. "If I felt any better, I have to take something for it, period."

The meeting of the Screwball Set begar to dissolve after that. In addition to Betty's fittin', Marjorie had to get home to take over the chops department, Phyllis had to meet hubby Truman Truelove and Dona was in a real dither.

"I'm going to the circus tonight," she said, "I've never been to a circus before in my life and am I excited, period?"

She hopped up and did a spontaneous little wiggle, probably just to make certain she still knew how. She did, period.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

baked, then shaped into a football and lightly frosted. It's just as good unfrosted.)

"I wasn't a football fan at school," Nancy confessed, as she worked over her goal-post centerpiece. "I remember the very first game I attended was between my home team and a California school. Their uniforms were something alike and I got all mixed up and spent the afternoon rooting for the wrong team!" But now she can get all het up over a radio account of any big game.

Nancy is tall and slim and redhaired. She has a snub nose (her own description), brown eyes that light up as if they had caught fire, and teeth like so many even pearls. Like most redheads, she's color-conscious. For example, she isn't satisfied

ith her living room, a comfortable place ith typical California furniture and owered drapes.

What particularly rejoices Nancy's heart bout life in Southern California is that ie can now have a white bedroom. She as a beautiful white rug and a bed with raceful lines.

"I thought it would be fun to use osquito netting—just oodles of it—for anopy and curtains, but Mother wouldn't t me," she sighed. "Mother has a prac- cal streak and reminded me that the etting won't launder. So that was out."

A football party at Nancy's house usually inds up with parlor games, when full



iscussion of the teams and their various its af strategy have been finished. One ame they play is to write the name of he winning team at the top of the paper nd have each guest compose a telegram nnouncing the triumph using the letters in he name as initials of each word of the elegram.

"One of the favorite games of our roup," remembered Nancy, "is a different orm of the old game of *Who Is It?* One layer leaves the room, and the rest decide ho she is. It should be either a person ell-known to all present so that her char- cteristics are familiar, or some personality n the public eye. I remember once I had o go out and they all decided I was Hitler. hat's the idea. When I came in, I had to sk questions and try to guess who I was, ut instead of the old-fashioned: 'Am I nale or female?' I asked: 'What sort of lower am I like?' or 'What kind of nimal?' 'What kind of music do I remind ou of?' or whatever my imagination could uggest.

"The fun of it is that the crowd gets into reat arguments as to whether I'm really ike, say, 'I'll be glad when you're dead, ou rascal, you!' or not. John Beal said I was like the Venus poison plant—maybe hat isn't the scientific name for the thing, ut it's the plant with the open lip that has omething sweet inside to tempt little flies, ut when once the insect steps in to sip, the lant shuts on him and kills him."

When Nancy gives a buffet supper fol- owing a game, she sometimes serves a ip-top sandwich, hot coffee or iced soft drinks, a gelatine salad made with rather art seedless grapes and nut meats in a lear lemon-or-lime-flavored gelatine. For he latter, follow the general directions of he vegetable salad.

TIP-TOP SANDWICH

Chop fine 6 slices of uncooked bacon, add 2 green peppers (seeds removed) chopped fine, three onions the size of an egg, chopped fine, season with pepper and salt.

Fry the above mixture until the bacon is done, then scramble in 2 eggs. Place be- tween thin slices of lightly buttered white bread. Garnish with a radish.

"The Constant Nymph"

Continued from page 28

The next the sun is out and the children are playing. And his music is like that, too. It has no blood pulsing through it, no heart. It's a school of music that's just coming in. If he could only cry!"

"He never really laughs," Tessa said softly. "And I'm certain he couldn't cry."

"If he could only fall in love!" Sanger frowned heavily, thinking of all the women who loved Lewis, the women he was so unconscious of. "If a woman could disturb him, if he could ever suffer!"

"How could one make him suffer?" Tessa asked gravely, thinking of that hand- some, dark man, so curiously unmoved, so untouched by everything except his music.

"I don't know." Sanger shook his head heavily. "But something always comes along to do that, with everyone."

But it mustn't come to Lewis, Tessa though passionately. He mustn't be un- happy ever, not Lewis. Not even for his music.

Suddenly her smile came, as from far away, down in the valley, came the thin piping of a train's whistle.

"Listen!" Her very breath seemed squeezed out of her with the pain coming again. "His train! He's here."

She danced out of the studio, down through the big untidy house and in a few moments Paula was after her, the two of them shouting as they ran, and at last there in the distance was Lewis, walking with that quick, marching step of his, so that the older dignified man with him was panting in his struggles to keep up with him.

"Lewis," the girls called together, "Lewis!"

"The circus is upon us," Lewis laughed, and then as the girls threw themselves on him in a frenzy of welcome, "I wish you kids would stop growing. It makes me feel very old. You're growing up like stink weeds."

"That doesn't sound very nice, Lewis," Tessa protested, her arms tightening around him, her lips pressing against his coat, kissing it.

"Where did you get those beautiful bags?" Paula asked, looking at the hand- some luggage Lewis was carrying, that was such a contrast to the shabby, familiar rucksack slung across his back. "What can you have in them?"

"They're not mine. They belong to Mr. Trigorin, the great ballet master." Lewis gestured toward the heavy man breathing so laboriously as he finally came up to them. "He worked on your father's opera with him, remember?"

The elegant stranger bowed breathlessly. "So you are the so charming daughters of Mr. Sanger?" he asked.

"This is Paula." Lewis smiled. "And this is Tessa, the pick of the bunch. You should welcome your guest, girls."

"Oh, yes!" Tessa hesitated. "You do it, Paula."

"How long are you going to stay?" Paula asked bluntly, and she threw her- self on Lewis again as they walked up to the chalet with Trigorin laboring behind them.

Everything was wonderful with Lewis there. Even Trigorin, the outsider, couldn't spoil that closeness, that feeling of the family really being together again. And then late in the afternoon Lewis gave them the gift he had brought. He didn't have money and couldn't buy anything so he had written a symphony with a theme for each one of them, the piano for Toni, the violin for Paula, the cello for Kate and for Tessa



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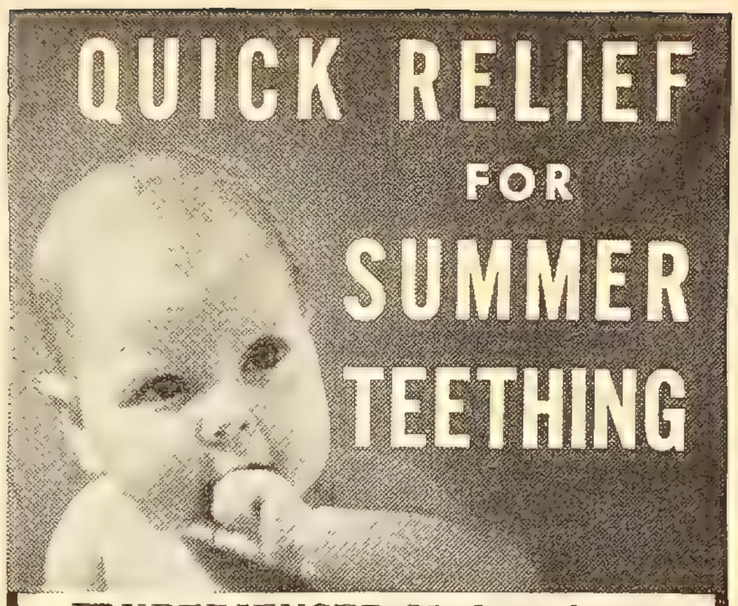
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the viola. And it was strange how it was Tessa's theme which was the different one, the one that didn't sound like Lewis' music at all, the theme which had melody and tenderness. They had just begun to play when Sanger called him from the studio upstairs.

"You—you wrote that?" the old man asked when Lewis came up.

"It's nothing at all," Lewis shrugged. "Sugar candy."

Sanger looked at him curiously. "You're ashamed of melody, aren't you?"

"I have no gift for it," Lewis answered.

"But that is very nice," Sanger nodded, listening to the music coming from below. Suddenly his hands fell on the piano and he began to play the moving, tender music written for Tessa. "If you had something like that in your symphony you wouldn't have failed. If I could only make you understand!"

Lewis felt that surge of confidence Sanger always could inspire in his fellow musicians. "What would you make of it?" he asked.

"A love scene in an opera." The man began playing the theme again. "A symphonic poem—anything you want." He glanced out of the window then. "The sun's going," he said.

"Yes," Lewis said lightly. "If that mountain wasn't in the way we'd have it for another hour or more."

"Why don't you move it?" The slow smile came to Sanger's lips. "The night comes too soon with it here. It shouldn't take you long."

"Where should I move it to?" Lewis grinned.

"Over my grave." The old eyes closed. "I'd like a mountain for a monument." Then almost as if he were speaking to himself, his heavy words came: "Children, wives, poverty, muddle, more children, more wives. If I'd only known when I was your age what a life like this can leave behind!"

"And a lot of very great music," Lewis added gravely.

"Very few have thought so," Sanger demurred.

"They will," Lewis said with quiet conviction. "They'll know."

"And what will happen to the children when I'm gone?" There was anguish in Sanger's voice now. "Lewis, I'm helpless. I haven't even got twenty pounds. If something should happen to me, look up the Churchills in England. Get them to something about the children." Sudde he aroused himself. "Go on now. Ask K to bring me some more brandy. You kr she steals the bottles when I'm asleep, fore they are empty, and only when I really giddy spells does she pop out w them from nowhere. She's a very domine ing girl, Kate. Go now."

Trigorin had taken Toni's place at piano when Lewis came downstairs ag That was because Fritz Bercovy had co Fritz, the gentle little Bohemian, v loved all the good things of life, girls food and fun and now that the one thea he had owned had expanded into a str of ten, he could have all of them. But had decided it was Toni he wanted m than all the rest and Toni, for all t she loved to tease and flout him, hac new way of looking at him lately.

Tessa too had left her viola and v standing beside the piano. "The strings broken and I haven't any more," she plained. "I'm going to try and sing it."

"You'll ruin it," Lewis protested.

"I can try," Tessa said and then began to sing, her words coming in st beauty, for it was of death she sang, de and a love that lived after death, and e though she was looking at Lewis as sang, he saw nothing deeper than Sanger genius that was in her as it was all of them.

"Tessa," he said as she finished, "y sang it beautifully."

They weren't the words she longed and her eyes filled with tears as she turn and left the room. And Lewis didn't kn why but after that first moment of hesi tion, he followed her.

He caught up with her on the mounta side, under the wayside shrine. It was j at dusk and Tessa seemed a part of wild unearthly beauty, a dryad who longed here among the rocks and the t trees and the wild flowers crowding grass.

"It's getting dark," Lewis said. "Wh I see dark things and trouble, I alwa want to run away from them."

"Then," Tessa turned away, "you'd b ter run away from me, I think."

"I couldn't ever run away from yo Lewis said quietly. "You're a graceless lit baggage and so strangely innocent, you got to be protected."

"My heart is a very simple heart," Tes said. "Don't you think that's protection?



Joseph Cotten, co-starring with Dolores Del Rio in "Journey Into Fear," Orson Welles' production, is shown with Linda Brent, who portrays a night-club girl in the film.

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If you were my little girl," Lewis said santly, "I'd put you in a school or con-t."

Oh, I've seen girls in school," Tessa naced. "They have faces like plum pud-gs. You don't shut up a free person in chool. But if I was, I'd always be think- of you."

Tessa," he said sharply, "you must rn to disapprove of me as quickly as sible. It's a grave mistake to become d of anyone. Before you know it, you in to become unselfish and considerate self-sacrificing and all those tiresome ngs."

I hope you'll remember that." Tessa ked at him. "And don't go getting fond any unnecessary people. Of course, you be as fond of us as you like but don't, ase don't get married or be put in prison die or anything!"

I'll try not to," he promised.

Say, cross my heart and hope to die!" ssa insisted passionately.

Something in her words made him look her searchingly. Maybe in that moment would have warned him that she wasn't child he thought her but as he started speak Toni's anguished voice called from chalet.

Lewis! Everyone! *Quick!*"

Sanger was dead. They carried him up to mountain-side and laid him under the ine. And after that the other changes ne too. Now there were only the three them left, the three of them and Lewis. a had left almost immediately with igorin and Kate had gone to Milan to dy voice and soon Toni would be leav- to marry Fritz.

Then the Churchills came, not only their cle Charles but his daughter Florence. e was so beautiful, that tall, blonde girl, imperious and so sure of herself and loveliness. Tessa was frightened when rence stepped off the train with Lewis king at her as he had never looked at woman before, as if he wanted to take in his arms and kiss her. But Lewis onged to them, to her, Tessa kept in-ting to herself. Even with Lewis dressing carefully these days and always wanting be with Florence, even though he lked around as a man bewitched, Tessa pt telling herself that.

So that it came as a surprise after all, t morning when Lewis came seeking her, e tall beautiful girl, even lovelier now th all that gold hair of hers hanging wn to her shoulders, walking so pos-ssively beside him. Tessa stared as he told r he was going to marry Florence, and en there was that pain in her heart, arper now than when the excitement of ppiness brought it, so that this time ere was no fighting it and she sank in a umpled heap at his feet.

It was Florence who became frightened en. She had always sensed that bond be-ween Lewis and these strange children, rticularly Tessa, yet it was a shock to nse the depth of Tessa's feeling, making r feel almost as if her young cousin were challenge to her own security. And when ewis picked Tessa up and carried her into e chalet and Paula refused to allow Flor-ce to come into the bedroom, she knew eyond doubt the thing Lewis couldn't see en now, that Tessa loved him with all e fervor of her wild, young heart. Still, long as Lewis didn't know, Florence ould feel safe.

She thought it would be easier after they ere married and Tessa and Paula were in e school in England. Yet from the very eginning she knew there was something wrong between them. In Switzerland everything had been so romantic, with this man, so different from any she had ever known, this man who seemed to live among the clouds, lifting her to a place beside him. But it wasn't the same in her father's home in London. Lewis didn't belong to her world at all and the only times he seemed himself was when he talked to Roberto, whom he had insisted become a part of the Churchill menage, or when he worked on the symphony that was to be played in another month at the concert in Queen's Hall.

But they didn't quarrel until that day Florence had arranged that Lewis should play for her friends at a musicale.

"I would like to know how you got it into your head that I am a pianist," he said darkly. "I am not."

"That's pose!" There was almost a shrewish edge to her voice as she faced him. "I have promised myself that you will play. I have promised lots of my friends."

"I will not be told what I must or must not do," Lewis shouted. "I have never permitted myself to be bullied or badgered and I'm not going to start now. If there's one thing I hate it's your upper-class, authoritative, hard-headed domineering!"

"Now you're becoming rude," Florence said stiffly. "If you hated my class, why did——?"

"Why did I marry you?" Lewis interrupted her. "You have said that before and each time you ask it, I find it more difficult to answer."

"You will not dare say such a thing to me!" Florence protested.

"I do dare!" Lewis laughed darkly. "I *have* dared, and it's the blunt truth. I'm sorry I haven't the gift for the mental sleight of hand that you people call manners."

But afterward he was sorry for his outburst. It wasn't her fault that he wanted to remain free and unfettered, that restrictions irked him and that at heart he was a boy who had refused to grow up and accept responsibilities of any sort. Florence was so beautiful and she could be so charming too as she was being now that he promised to play.

"I'm afraid I'm a little on the selfish side." She smiled contritely. "But in this instance it's as much for you as for me. I want people to know you, like you. I'm really very proud of you and want to show you off. You can't blame me, can you?"

"In that case I shall play from my heart," Lewis said.

But there was an unconscious irritability in his voice that sharpened her realization of the strangeness in this man she had married. She turned as Roberto came over to her with a telegram and then she felt herself going a little cold as she read it. Tessa and Paula had hated school and now they had run away.

"I'm going to find them," Lewis said grimly. "Start from the school and work out. Will you be kind enough to call them and tell them to advise the police?"

"I'm almost afraid to remind you that you have guests tonight." She tried to hold back the tears.

"If I find the girls, I'll be back," he promised.

She looked at him appalled. "You're not going to humiliate me and be among the missing tonight?" she insisted.

"Don't be absurd." Lewis frowned. "I am certainly going to find those children." And then as her eyes blazed at him, "Will you please stop this melodramatic nonsense? Florence, you don't want a husband. You want a horse to drive with a bridle and spurs. Or is it cockerels that wear spurs?"

"Be serious, Lewis," she begged.

"I refuse to be serious." Lewis turned away. "It ages one."

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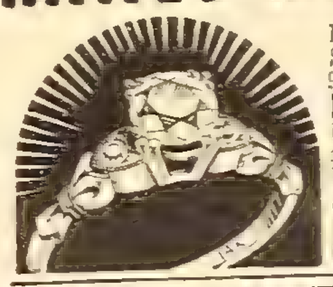


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Yet again after he left her that feeling of remorse for having hurt her came and though he had found no trace of Paula and Tessa, he returned in time to dress for the musicale. And he was glad he had come when he saw Toni and Fritz among the guests and realized that Florence had invited them to please him and that they had come all the way from Paris.

It was as he came down again, after he had changed into his dress clothes that he saw Tessa and Paula in their severe little school girls' uniforms standing in the hall behind Roberto and he gave such a joyous shout that Florence left her guests and came out to them.

"They're back!" he shouted.

"So we all heard," Florence laughed, but she caught her breath sharply when she saw Tessa looking at Lewis when he kissed her, as if the kiss, now that he was married to someone else, came as a pang.

"It's been so long," Lewis said.

"Yes!" Tessa looked at him breathlessly. "Longer than the longest book."

Florence stood there uncertainly a moment and it was as if she were an outsider. "Now come along," she said, managing to make her voice sound light and careless. "You're like a little boy. You're younger than they are. I'll send the children up something to eat."

"Thank you." Lewis turned to her and something in her eyes made him feel sorry for her. "I shall play for you, dear Florence, as I have never played before," he said. Then the transient pity that held him went as he smiled at the children. "I'm going to play the Sanger symphony. It's called *Tomorrow,* a symphonic poem. Even you will like it, Florence."

Tessa and Paula crept into the upstairs hall to listen, leaving their food uneaten as Lewis began to play. At first it was the old tender theme, Tessa's theme; then it was as if Lewis' restlessness and resentment at the way life had caught him became too much for him and abruptly the theme changed and the old dissonance and disturbance came in the clash of discord.

"That's not what he said he'd play," Paula said gravely. "Although he did start that way."

"No," Tessa said quietly. "He's forgotten his heart again. And for a moment he did find it, remember? He's quite unconscious of himself now. He's someone else. Don't you feel it?"

"Not quite." Paula shook her head. "Not as you would. But I understand. What can we do?"

"Nothing now." Tessa drooped as she leaned against the wall. "Lewis has gone from us."

"Forever, do you think?" Paula asked.

"How else could it ever be now?" Tessa said starkly.

She was feeling so alone the next morning when it was decided Paula should go with her sister and brother-in-law to Paris. Even though Lewis had promised she would not have to go back to the school, she felt as if there was no place for her here with this new Lewis or with Florence. She knew her cousin thought her an intruder the next morning as she stood beside the piano where Lewis sat playing.

"You really took them by storm last night," Florence said brightly. "They were thrilled."

"They were amateurs." Lewis shrugged. "Ask Tessa what she thinks of it. She's a musician."

Florence tried to hide her chagrin as she turned to the girl. "And what is your opinion, Tessa?" she asked as if she were speaking to a child.

"Well," Tessa turned to Lewis, "it was really very loud and very defiant and very aggressive. I suppose there are some people who would pretend to like it even if they didn't understand it."

"And did you understand it, Tessa Florence asked cuttingly.

"Unfortunately, no," she said quiet "I don't think Lewis does, really, if h as honest as Lewis always has been abo his work."

"What are you talking about?" Floren demanded impatiently.

But it was Lewis who answered. "A sy phonic poem entitled *Tomorrow,* by Lew Dodd," he said. "That's what she's talki about."

"It was very beautiful once," Tessa p in quickly. "You had a melodic line a you were going to develop it. And n you are ashamed of it and are hiding behind a lot of technique. You're in su terror of sentiment, aren't you?"

"The melody is here." Lewis began play eagerly. "Oboes, listen."

"Yes," Tessa said. "I did listen last nig Eight measly little bars and then sudde off you go. It sounded like a railway engi *bankety, bankety, bang!*"

"Really, Lewis," Florence frowned, wonder you have the patience to listen her."

"Of course, I have," Lewis protest "She's a Sanger." He turned to Te then. "So you feel I've missed, and w my concert in four weeks!"

"But you haven't missed." Florenc voice rose. "You're caught up in all t mad Sanger nonsense again. And af you've worked so steadily and seriously."

"Perhaps too steadily," Tessa said grave "Too seriously." Then she saw Florenc face. "I started all this. I'm sorry," whispered.

"We'll leave you alone, Lewis," Flore said quickly. "Come along, Tessa. W go for a walk in the park."

"No." Lewis rose. "I'd like Tessa to s and talk about it. She remembers the or inal plan and ——"

"I will certainly stay," Tessa said, you want me to. Would that be all rig Florence?"

Florence didn't answer. She couldn't swer with her fears coming so quic after her anger. And as the weeks we with Tessa there in Lewis' studio wh he worked, they came more and more, b the fears and the anger, so that she was l a woman possessed by her jealousy.

But curiously, Tessa's resentment agai her was gone now. Strange that she sho feel sorry for this beautiful woman, t woman who was Lewis' wife. And yet did. It was seeing that Florence loved h and feeling that Lewis never really co love anyone which brought out her p so that on the morning of the concert, wh she went to the florist's with Fritz, who h come over from Paris to be there for great event, she asked Fritz to send flowers he was buying for Florence Lewis' name instead of his own.

It was to please Florence Tessa thou of it, standing there in the shop hold the gardenia she had bought for Le against her cheek, almost as if it were hand she was holding there. But la when the flowers came and Lewis as who had sent them, she could see by Fri face that he had forgotten to tell him a the whole thing was spoiled with Florenc hurt lashing her into rage.

"I'm a thoughtless brute," Lewis s then. "I really should have done someth like that on my own. It's the nature of beast, I'm afraid."

"I wouldn't have any regrets," Flore said coldly. "Anyway, you have Tessa think for you."

"It was just a thought," Tessa said m erably. "And it went wrong."

She turned and left and there was so thing about her eyes, her drooping he that suddenly made Lewis want to after her. He had never felt like this fore, as if his very heart were weep



Dolores Moran has brains as well as beauty. She was queen of a Butte County beauty contest and winner of a Northern California oratorical contest before going in pictures. She made her début in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." "The Hard Way" is her next movie.

ithin him, as if it were life itself going ut that door with Tessa. But it wasn't ntil that evening just before they were o go to the concert and he saw her sitting ere beside the fire, looking so grown-up her new white party dress, that he knew e loved her.

"Are you disturbed about me?" he said oftly and as she nodded he went over to er and suddenly leaning over kissed her air. "Little Tessa," he whispered.

"Such a little Tessa!" There was resentent in her eyes now as she faced him. Such an insignificant nuisance, little essa!"

"I love you," he said quietly. "I think I've nown it, always. And yet, why didn't I now? I have been blind until now."

"Lewis!" Her eyes were frantic now. You must forget it. There were other ings to see, that was all. And now it's o late. Why did you marry Florence?"

"I don't know—now," he whispered.

"It was unfair to both of us for you to arry her." Tessa turned from him convulsively. "You were so mad to get her you orgot all about me. If you'd only waited!"

"It was something I didn't realize." He ook her in his arms. "Can you understand at?"

"How could I not understand?" She lung to him desperately. "You have been n my mind every moment. You've never een away from me, really. I promised myelf to you such a long time ago."

"We're going away." His lips pressed gainst her forehead, her eyes. "Together."

"No!" She pulled away from him. There's Florence. She's my cousin and 've lived here in her house. She's been ind and you belong to her. If it wasn't for at I would rather go away with you than nything in the world. But I would feel like traitor. I couldn't! And a person must o what they think right, mustn't they?" hen as he hesitated: "No, I've said my ay. We won't speak of it again. Go and ress now, Lewis, please."

It was after he left that the pain came gain. It wasn't bad at first, not any worse han it had been so many times. Not until he went to her room and sat down on he edge of the bed and Florence came in id it grow so bad that her hands dug into he coverlet.

"Why did you run away from school?" Florence demanded. "Why did you unsettle Lewis about his work?" And then as Tessa's uick protest came, "You know quite well what I'm talking about. Such a little girl, so innocent! I'm talking to you now as one woman to another. You flung yourself at my husband!"

"It isn't my fault that I love Lewis." Tessa had to force her words with her breath coming in that fluttering way. "I did long before you came to Switzerland. And it's not a happy thing; it's brought nothing but sadness. It's so much of me that I—I couldn't want it to be different. But I've come to understand that he's your husband and I'm not going to see him any more. I'm going to Paris, to Toni. And," her voice came steadier now, "as far as your thinking anything else, that's only horrible and shocking. I wouldn't lower myself even to deny it. But I have told you that I love him and I can't help it."

"You talk of love!" Florence said furiously, and then taking that quick step toward her, shook her shoulders violently. "You don't know what it means."

"Oh yes, I do," Tessa protested. Then she gasped and her hand went to her heart and she fell and Florence, frightened now and repentant, knelt beside her, chafing the small cold hands in her own.

But later when Lewis came in Tessa tried to make light of it. He must go to the concert, he must be there for the triumph she knew would come.

"Our piece is not played until the last," he said softly, taking her hand.

"*Our* piece." Tessa's voice lifted. "Sweet, generous Lewis. There's no one like you in the world. I've always known that, but you haven't. You haven't known yourself at all."

"Until today," he said, and then as she made that quick gesture of protest, he knelt beside her bed. "Tessa, you were right when you said it was impossible. But it isn't only Florence, it's something that's been with me since I was a little boy, hearing strange music in sea waves and treetops. Everything, anything that came into my mind was never quite of this earth. I've always seemed to drug myself with my own thoughts, and after a while the mould that I set myself in became real. I couldn't get out. I've never been able to. It was just today when I saw you downstairs that everything I had ever longed for seemed real and living."

"I could break up that silly mould you locked yourself into." Tessa tried to smile. "Really, I could. I'm so happy that you've told me. I never believed you would. Go to your music now, Lewis. I want you to. Please go now."

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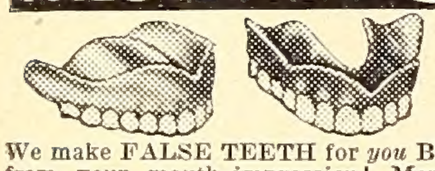
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The pain came sharply with his kiss, then after he left it ebbed again so that she managed to get off the bed and begin to pack her bags. She would be gone when they came back from the concert, gone and out of their lives forever. But there would still be time to hear the music. She could hear it over the radio and then leave quickly at the end. Slowly, clinging to the bannisters all the way, she went down to the study and as she turned the dial, his music flooded the room with its warmth, with the new tenderness that had become Lewis. And as she listened it was almost as if she were back in Switzerland again,



Betty Grable, as she appears in the new filmusical, "Footlight Serenade," in which she is co-starred with Victor Mature and John Payne.

as if they all were back together again and gay and happy. And then that feeling was gone and it was as if Lewis' arms were holding her and it was all so real, the darling, foolish words he was saying and his arms and his lips. It was so real and it was so right too. There were no barriers any more. Only Lewis and herself and their love.

She began to sing then, the words she had sung that other evening, and as she finished her hands gripped the radio and as the last triumphant chord of the music came she fell. There was silence for a moment before the thunder of applause. But Tessa did not hear that.

Lewis went to her room first when he came back and his heart tightened as he saw her bags packed and waiting. Then as he came out again he saw Florence there.

"I just want to tell you something," she said, and all the hate and anger and fear was gone from her voice. "Go with her. You belong to each other. I do know, now, how you both feel because I happen to be very much in love myself. I won't stand in your way. I'll help, really I will. I couldn't go on another hour with you hating me."

"How could I possibly hate you?" he said.

"How could you not hate me?" she asked. "I'm in your way. You love h Go to her now and tell her you are fr Poor little thing. I can feel for her really can, now that my own battle is o and won."

"Bless you," he whispered, and took hand and held it to his lips. But it w strange how he didn't feel happy go down those stairs, even before he s Roberto's eyes as he came out of the stu even before he himself went in, he did feel happy at all. And when he opened door and saw Tessa lying there in th crumpled little heap, he knew that he m have always known that it would end t way, that this pain was the thing he h feared always, the thing he had been ru ning away from, even before he knew Tes

The little boy who had always run aw from pain had been caught at last and he knelt beside her, his cheek pres against hers and he felt it already turni cold, he knew that the mould had be broken and the little boy who had be captured in it was released. That day the first time he had really known li now for the first time he knew death t In just those few hours he had grown even as his music would grow and gr so that his sorrow would only mean beau for all others who loved. And Tessa wou live in that music always.

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